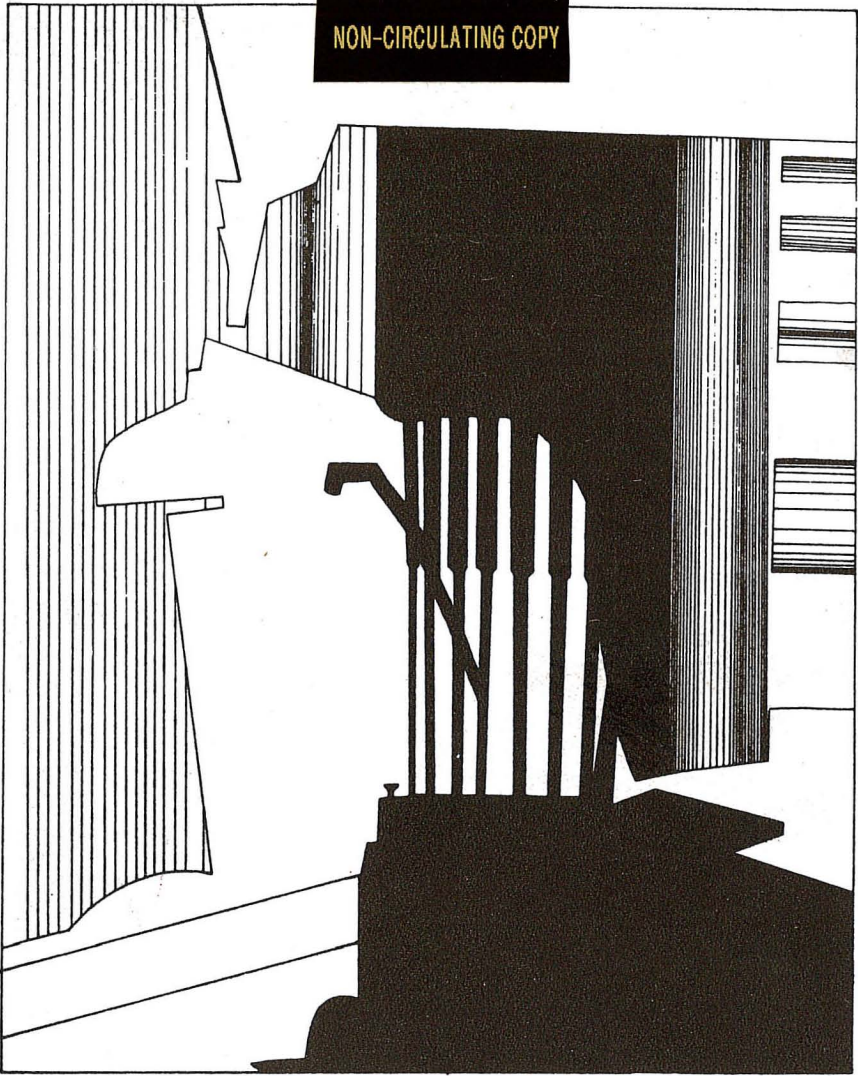


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# PATTERNS

*Twenty-fourth Edition*

*A Publication of  
St. Clair County Community College  
Port Huron, Michigan*

**Basement Design No. 1**  
Paul Manz



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## DEDICATION

Rarely, if ever, has the dedication of *Patterns* been influenced by a student's entry to the magazine itself. This year it is. Dr. Gordon DaCosta, a highly esteemed instructor in Biology, is the subject of the essay, *Mentor*, written by Richard MacNall. The essay was selected by the committee for this year's publication; the subject of the essay was, in turn, chosen to be recognized and honored by having this edition of *Patterns* dedicated to him.

The 1980's have not been kind to education or to the teaching profession. The economic woes of the nation have resulted in drastic cut-backs on all levels of education. Changing mores have resulted in placing more blame for life's inadequacies on those within the teaching profession. At a time like this, education and educators need their supporters and mentors.

In honoring Dr. DaCosta we also honor all faculty at St. Clair County Community College who inspire their students to the discovery of a personal, rewarding education. Dr. DaCosta represents what's good and right about American education. He represents the finest of dedicated instructors. He has, as Mr. MacNall writes in his tribute, helped many students learn how to learn. Because of this recognized and acknowledged dedication to his students, we dedicate, with appreciation and affection, this 24th edition of *Patterns* to Dr. Gordon DaCosta.

# Mentor

by Richard MacNall

There is, in our midst, an educator with a dedication, talent, and determination that should be studied and analyzed by the leaders of our educational system in the interest of the survival of the system itself. Dr. Gordon DaCosta was born in India, the son of English and Portuguese parents. He received his bachelor's degree from Agra University in India and his doctorate from Michigan State University in the United States. He has taught at St. Clair County Community College for twenty-five years and is revered by hundreds of students who discovered how to learn, even if unconsciously, as a result of Dr. DaCosta's ingenious system of teaching.

The overwhelming effect of Dr. DaCosta's system is seen everywhere in the college, as each semester rolls on, with each new wave of students dedicated to nursing or any curriculum that requires *Human Anatomy and Physiology* as a pre-requisite. His students eat, sleep, and drink biology. If you eavesdrop in the cafeteria, you will hear his students discussing biology, not English or Political Science. They discuss it in the bar off campus, and, if you ask them, they will even tell you how they wake up in the middle of the night with visions of muscle and bone cells or tissue in their minds. I know, because I was a member of that club, one of Doc's students, who quickly found that I was completely possessed by some unconscious drive to accomplish what always seemed just out of reach, an acceptable grade.

Mara Wolynski, in her essay *Confessions of a Misspent Youth*, closes with this short paragraph: "And now I've come to see that the real job of school is to entice the student into the web of knowledge and then, if he's not enticed, to drag him in." Doc is an expert at dragging them in. They go, in most cases, kicking and screaming, but they go. I once asked him what his system boiled down to and he said very simply, "I don't spoon-feed my students. I give them what they should know, but it is up to them to make it work." His lectures are direct, subtle, and accurate. He uses the assigned text, and, in some cases, personal notes of his own that he feels are more informational. Most of all he never gives his students a negative attitude. Everything he says and does with them is of a positive nature. He is always reinforcing their confidence, never indicating in any way that they can not learn the material if they try. He will, however, not hesitate to chastise a student who is obviously not putting forth the necessary effort.

Dr. DaCosta writes a set of exams that are both relative to the material but just ambiguous enough to frustrate the most dedicated student. *Anatomy and Physiology* is a study of the human body parts and their functions, or what it is and what it does. It isn't good enough to memorize

terms, because unless you comprehend their relationship to function, you can not pass his course. This is where Doc's genius goes into play.

I use a sample when tutoring for his pupils that exemplifies his typical, controversial, test question that almost anyone could answer if they think about it first. "That part of the automobile that ignites the fuel when stimulated by the generator in co-ordination with the distributor is called what?" The answer is the spark plug, but unless you know all the specific functions of the part related, the term spark plug is useless to you. The tests that he gives are all written in this way and when, in many cases, his pupils can't figure out what he is asking, and get it wrong, they will spend hours angrily discussing them, working them out in detail and, of course, reinforcing the answers to the degree that they will never forget them. Lewis Thomas in *To Err Is Human* says, "Mistakes are the very base of human thought. If we are not provided with the knack for being wrong, we could never get anything useful done." When we discuss and rehash our weaknesses, we are ultimately re-inforcing our strengths.

When our final was over, Dr. DaCosta said to the whole class, "If I made you mad, it was on purpose," his way of saying he was sorry for being so tough on us, but it was for our own good. The **Detroit News** article of August 23, 1981, on *Discounting Grades* reports on a study by the American Council on Education which found that students do not want to feel they are wasting their time and money. "They may complain about being worked hard but they expect it and they want it." I think the students know in their hearts that this is what must be done, and they are grateful.

Dr. DaCosta is an educator in the superlative degree of comparison only. He is both compassionate and dedicated. His students learn well in spite of themselves and the difficulty of the material. He is a genuine credit to his profession.





**Faces of America**  
Paul Manz

# Time — A Motif

by Melissa J. Michaels

The concept of time plays a very important role in William Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Macbeth*. Time is not only used to mean hours and minutes, but also to mean yesterday, today, and tomorrow. There are four main ideas Shakespeare uses to present the motif on time. The four include the witches' prediction of time (the future), the loss of time, the regrets of time, and the sense that time heals everything.

The play itself is actually based on the witches' prediction of the future. Ironically, it is actually Banquo who is at first interested in what the witches have to say:

Banquo — "If you can look into the seeds of time and say which Grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me."

So, without the witches' inference of what will occur in the future of Macbeth's life, there would be no play.

The second example is the loss of time. This seems to occur because of Macbeth's urgency to fulfill the witches' prophecy. Macbeth appears to become obsessed with the idea of being King right away, no matter what the cost (including being deceitful).

MACBETH — "Away, and mock the time with fairest show; false face must hide what the false heart doth know."

Hence, he must keep murdering his way up the ladder of the kingdom while being deceptive and attempting to convince everyone that all is well.

The confusion of time becomes even more apparent when in Act II Scene 4, Ross and the old man discuss the unnatural happenings of recent hours:

OLD MAN — "Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done."

The events of the day seem to have thrown all facets of time amiss. Events are transpiring at a rate faster than the mind can conceive.

The third main idea — the regrets of time — involves Macbeth's regretting what he has done. If only he could have taken his time, he could have become King legally (theoretically). Instead, Macbeth chose murder and he cannot erase the time past. After he murders Duncan, it becomes obvious to the reader that Macbeth is truly upset and would rather die than suffer through his guilt. Macbeth begins to notice for himself that things are only turning from bad to worse when in Act III Scene 2, he says,

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse."

Again the reference of time is important because it shows a contrast: the contrast between day and night, and good and bad. The reader sees Mac-



beth at his lowest state of mind in Act V Scene 5, when he realizes, even though he is King, his life means nothing. Time has become meaningless, too.

MACBETH — "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death."

The reader can surely see how important time is in this scene. The lines of tomorrow seem to ache with the rhythm of a slowly beating heart and the monotony of a futureless future, one that is pointless.

The last idea used to present the motif of time is that with enough passage of time, time heals everything. With the death of Macbeth comes life as everyone once knew it. Time shall no more be amiss. This is seen with Macduff's comment of "The time is free," and Malcolm's "What's more to do which would be planted newly with the time." It seems as if a great weight has just been lifted off the remaining characters' shoulders. They appear to have revived vigor and refreshed attitude. With these, they can hopefully put aside the darkness time has brought and replace it with time's natural course of events.

Thus, it appears that the reference to time is a very important motif in *The Tragedy of Macbeth*. Time is referred to many times throughout the play and without these references it is apparent the play could not work. It is also apparent that Shakespeare refers to time not necessarily for hours and minutes, but for days, nights, past, present, and future.

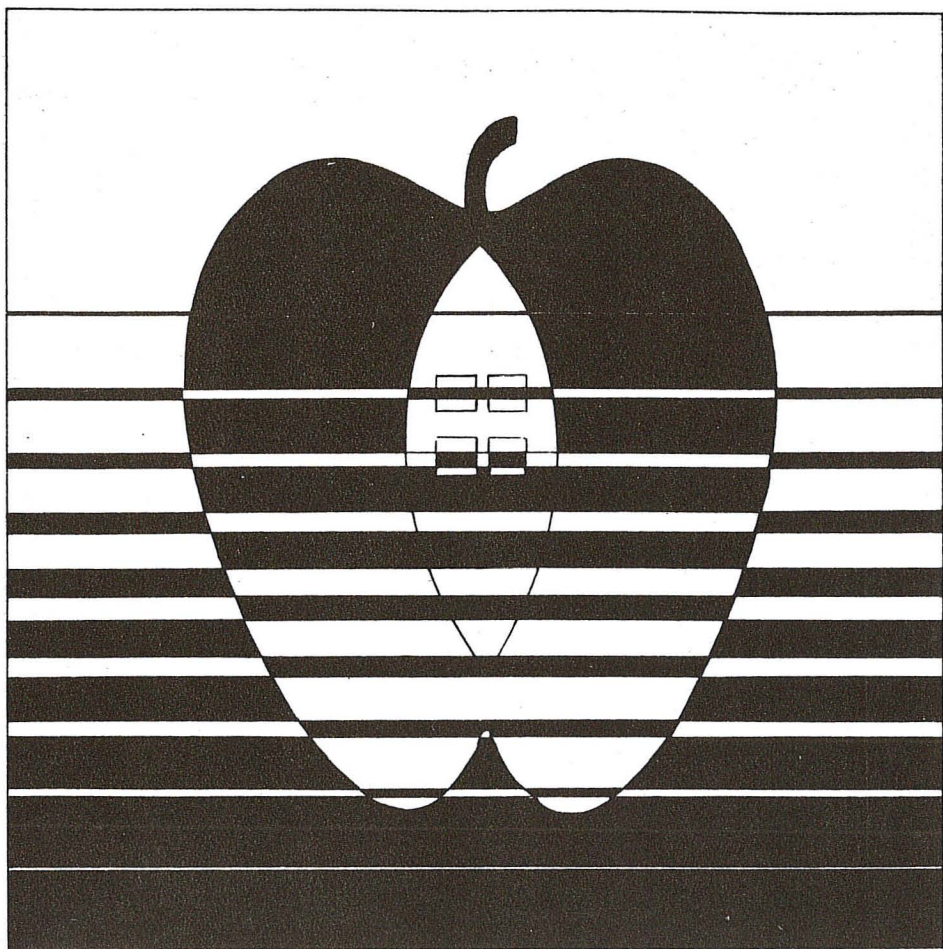
# The Concrete Cowboy

by Ann Miller

Standing on a street corner.  
Dim light exposing  
Imitation alligator boots,  
Faded Levis,  
A dirty, red bandana,  
A soiled Western shirt  
Bulging with middle-age paunch.  
A disheveled bandit  
Looking like a leftover  
From some "B" movie.  
Staring at neon stars  
That light the sky.  
Walking slowly, deliberately.  
Tipping forward the nine gallon hat.  
Sucking from the bottle,  
Drowning despair.  
Strutting what vanished long ago.  
Climbing on his horse,  
Revving the engine.  
Driving into the fake sunset.  
The concrete cowboy rides again.

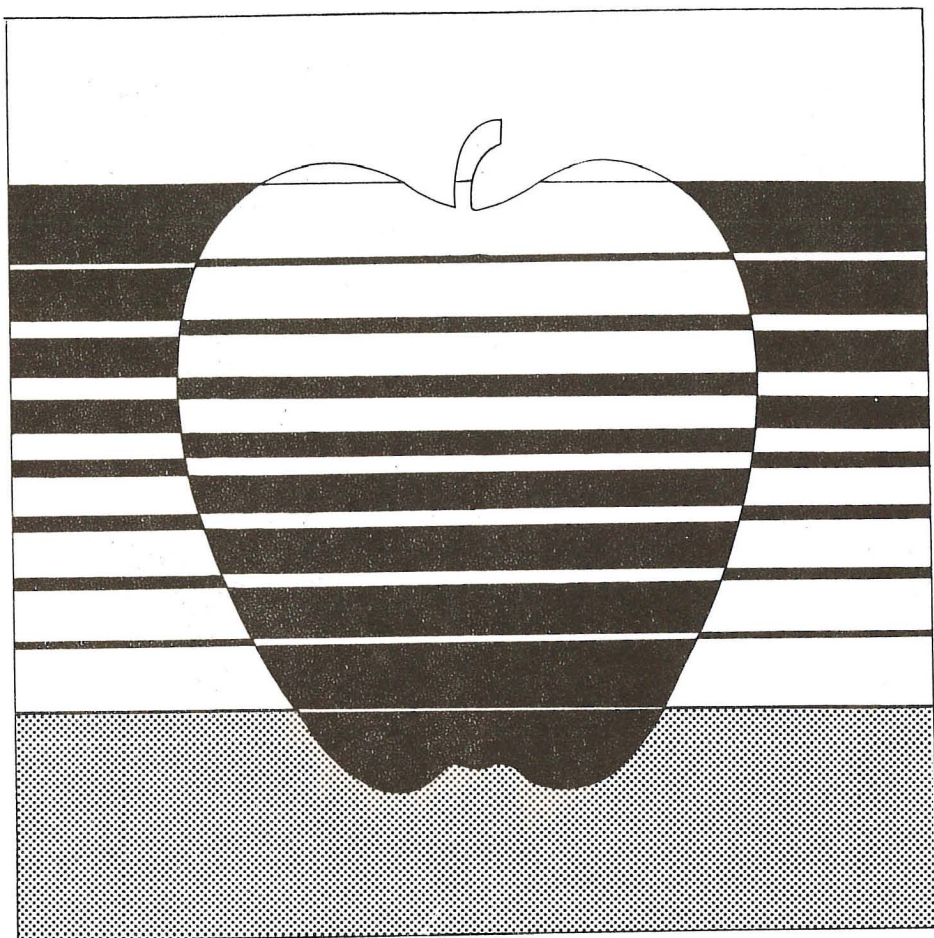


**Apples Striped Thick and Thin**  
Susan Fladzinski









**Apples Striped Thick and Thin**  
Susan Fladzinski



**Biomorphic Shape**  
Tracy DeHenau

# Abacus

by Mark Buckley

Simple lines born into a complex system.  
Numbers of men flow on.  
No longer does one plus one equal two,  
But rather reverts back to one.  
Negatives and positives  
Numerators and denominators  
All equal more calculations.  
While society slides across  
Parallel wires to the inevitable  
Conclusion.

# Shakespeare's Characterization of Women

by Ann Miller

Throughout history, women were always considered less important than men. Men held all important positions, made all important decisions, and, all in all, were masters of the house — and the women that were in it. Women were thought to be good for some things, such as cooking, cleaning, and bearing children, but that was believed to be the extent of their worth. Most were thought to be weak, frail, rather witless creatures. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth, and, through his characterization of women, it is clear that William Shakespeare believed this.

Kate, in *The Taming of The Shrew*, exemplifies Shakespeare's view of women very well. Although her outside appearance is harsh and shrewish, the reader soon learns that there is more to Kate than meets the eye. First of all, she is extremely sharp witted. That in itself is a departure from the thinking of the day. Women are not supposed to be witty. Shakespeare, though, gives Kate this characteristic throughout the play, both in her teasing of her sister and in her bantering with Petruchio. Take these items of dialogue, for example:

PETRUCHIO        Why, what's a moveable?

KATE                A join'd stool.

PETRUCHIO        Thou hast hit it; come sit on me.

KATE                Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

KATE                Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO        It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATE                A witty mother! witless else her son.

(Act II, scene I lines 198-201, and lines 262-264)

Only a quick-witted woman could have come up with such remarks.

Shakespeare also endows Kate with a strong independent nature. A spirit, the reader finds, that is not easily broken. This, again, is in conflict with the common beliefs of the day. Women were supposed to be obedient to their husbands and totally dependent on them. Although Kate becomes more obedient as the play progresses, one gets the feeling that she is not totally dependent upon Petruchio. Their relationship at the end of the play seems to be one of equal respect and dependence by both husband and wife. Through this arrangement, Shakespeare is shown to be many years ahead of his time.

Another good example of what Shakespeare thought of women is Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. She was a combination of most men's views of women and Shakespeare's attitudes. Portia had qualities that women were supposed to have in that day. For example, she was an obedient daughter and had great respect for her dead father's wishes. She was honorable, also. She denied no man the right to try and win her, nor did she cheat and tell Bassanio which casket to choose. After her marriage, she was a loving and obedient wife and helped her husband in many ways.

Many of her qualities, however, were not common to women. She was self-sufficient. She came up with the lawyer's scheme herself without any suggestions from the males in the play. Portia was also very intelligent. She had knowledge of the law in a time when women usually took no part in legal affairs. She spoke convincingly enough to sway the judge in Antonio's favor, and she and Nerissa were witty enough to trick both their husbands out of rings the men had promised never to give away. These are not things that "normal" women of that day would do.

These two characters are excellent examples of how Shakespeare viewed women. He gave them respect in a time when they received little. His views show how far advanced his thinking was, and his witty, intelligent, and sometimes funny women add much to his play. They are one of the big reasons William Shakespeare is still as popular today as he was in the sixteenth century.





**Flower Fairies**  
Andrea Gorko

# The Royal Brush Off

by Mark Buckley

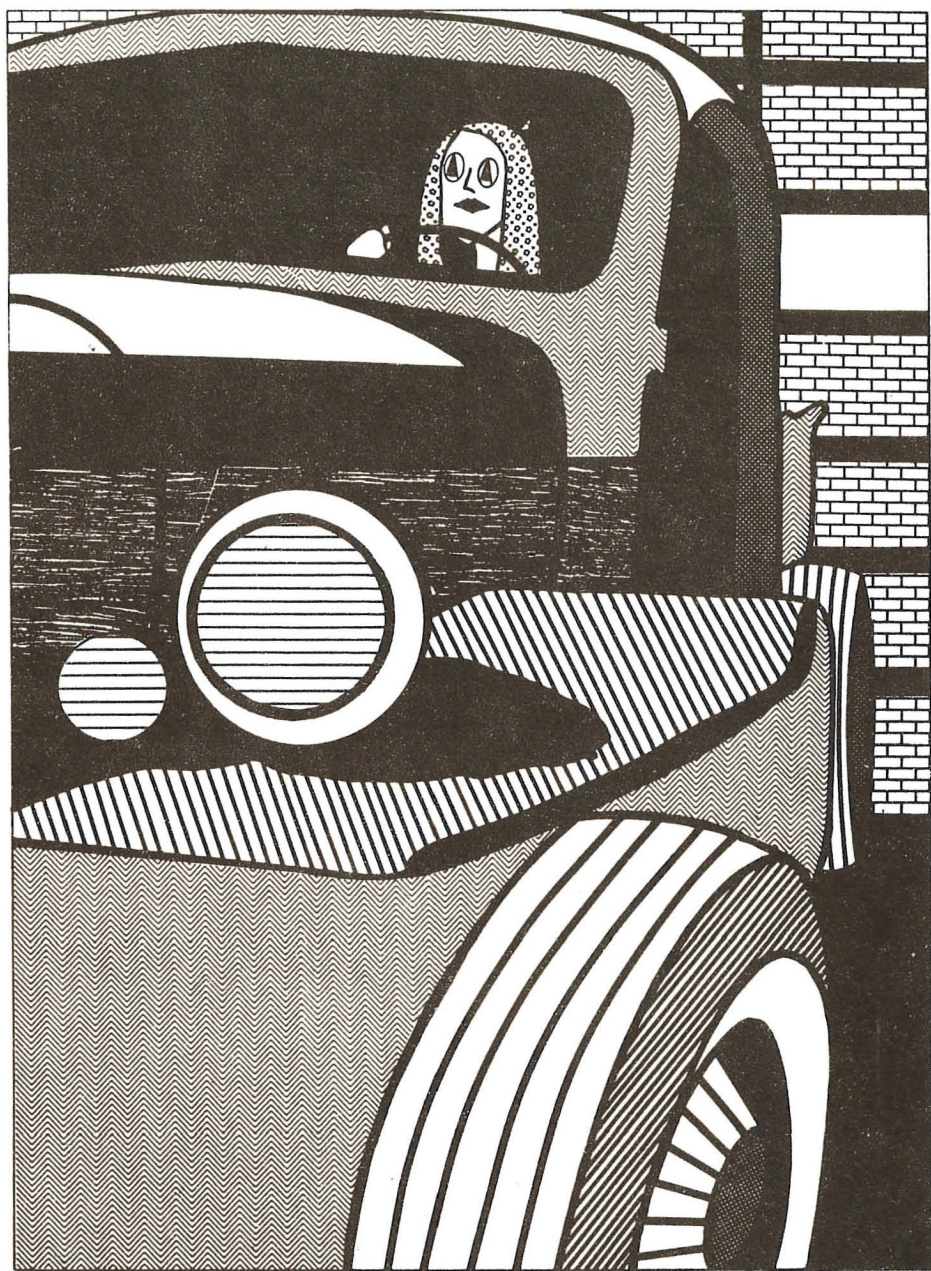
The Queen of Hearts snubs the  
Jack of Spades.

She has many suitors,  
but her heart longs for the  
Jack of Diamonds.

Unfortunately that's not how life  
deals her cards.

She frequently dates other  
Aces.

But the Queen of Hearts will probably  
end up with some  
Joker.



**Parked Vintage**  
Tracy DeHenau

# Detour

by Joyce Knight

Swiftly  
Swerving,  
Swaying,  
Around  
About,  
Any  
And all  
Obstacles  
In the  
Way of  
Our love,  
So as to  
Transcend  
Into  
Tranquil  
Trances.  
A fall  
Feared,  
Foreseen,  
Yet —  
Foolishly  
In love  
Again.





**Thin Landscape**  
Katherine Korodan



# "Birches" by Robert Frost

by Sylvia Maxwell

When Frost beholds birch trees as they curve low to the ground unlike the taller, more formidable trees in the background, he imagines the bending is the result of some small boy's playing upon them each day. Of course, he realizes that during a winter storm, the trees became weighted down with ice and, consequently, were frozen to the earth. When the sun comes up the next morning, it is reflected by the ice-coated trees, creating a beautiful spectrum of color similar to leaded crystal. The illusion is shattered when the sun and breeze combine to cause the trees' delicate outer covering to fall, breaking noisily as though it were glass falling from heaven. Since the birches are flexible enough to bend as low as the ferns, they seldom break, but never completely right themselves again. Years later, they still are seen cascading their leaves on the ground much the same way young girls, kneeling in the sun, allow their hair to fall over their heads as it dries.

While Frost reluctantly admits the ice-storm's role in bending the trees, he still prefers to invent a small boy playing upon them. The child, as a result of having no playmates and living in the country, would have entertained himself by swinging on the birches, riding them to the ground. Eventually, they would all have been entirely subdued. However, before leaping expectantly out and carrying the tree adventurously to the ground, the boy would have carefully and painstakingly climbed as high as he dared, and then even higher. Then, eagerly flinging himself out, he almost seems to fly before reaching the ground once again.

Apparently, Frost fondly remembers when he also was a small boy swinging on birch trees. In fact, he feels he would like to relive that part of his life. When the day-to-day problems of life seem especially overwhelming and he is discouraged or depressed, he longs to leave them all behind for awhile. Although becoming close to God and nature appeals to him, he really does not wish to die; he is only speaking of a brief respite, not a termination. He knows that this world, even with all of its shortcomings and imperfections, still offers hope and love. Though in retrospect, he does feel there are many advantages to swinging on birches.

## Explication

Frost utilizes vivid imagery throughout his poem by using words to draw pictures of what he is saying. At the beginning, one can easily visualize the contrast of graceful, white birches as they bend low to the ground while taller trees stand in the background. It is also quite easy to imagine a small boy bending the birches as he swings on them each day. In line four, the mood abruptly changes as reality intervenes and Frost very matter-of-factly declares that, of course, it was an ice storm that weighted the trees down to the ground, freezing them there long enough to become permanently curved. Even here, he uses highly visual and auditory words, creating descriptions which help us to see as well as hear the ice storm. In addition to the metaphor describing the ice-coated bark as cracked enamel, he uses alliteration in the harsh "cr" sound of the words "cracks" and "crazes." Again using a metaphor, he portrays the thin coating of ice as fine crystal and further emphasizes its fragility when it falls breaking like glass from heaven. The sun's prismatic colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet are reflected by the ice, continuing the illusion of leaded crystal.

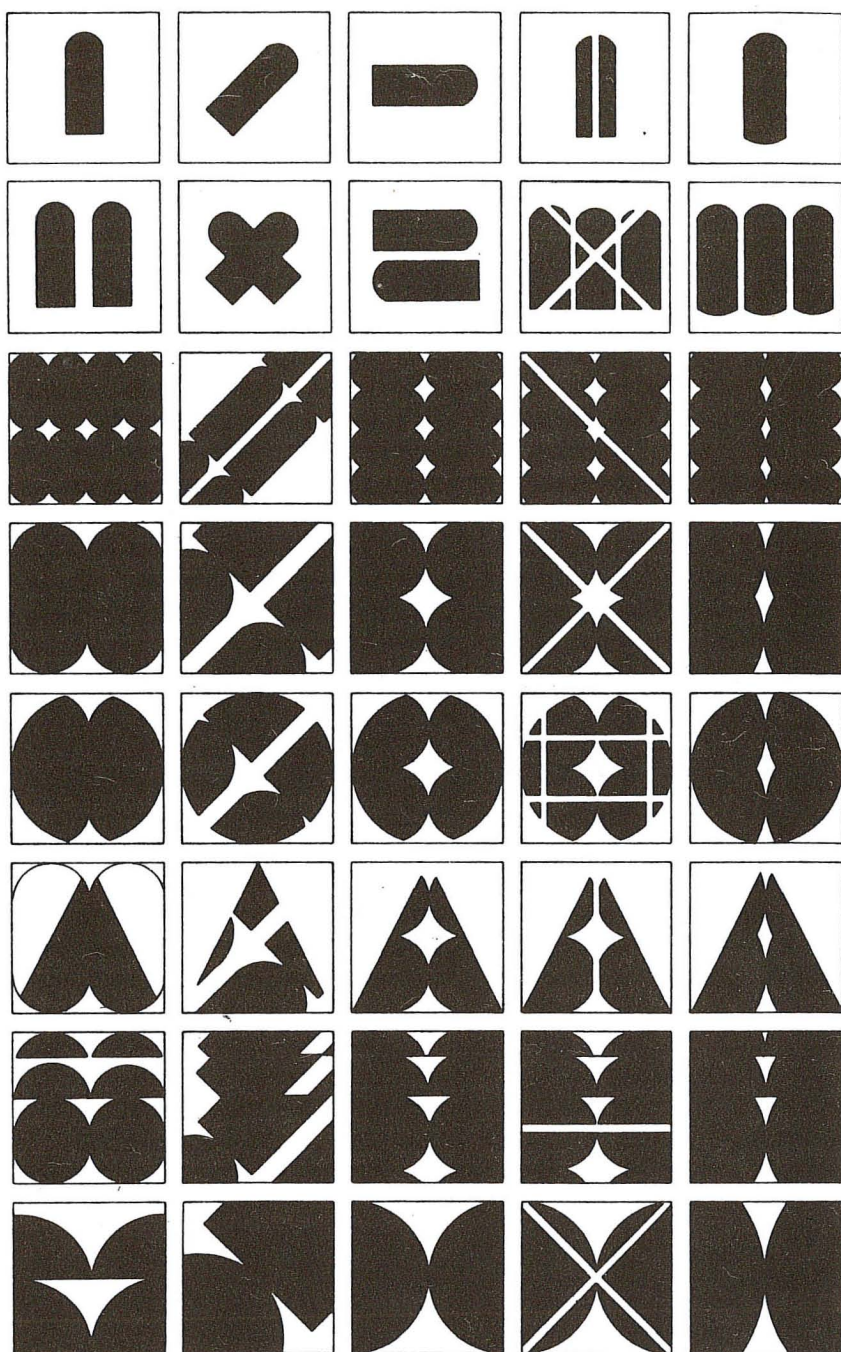
Although the ice storm has a certain beauty, it is damaging to the trees, and because they are "bowed so low for so long, they never right themselves" again. Here, Frost may also be referring, more specifically, to man weighted down with the adversities of life and gaining a certain strength of character from coping with them even though he may never again reach his former stature. The assonance of the long "O" sound in the words "bowed so low" seems somewhat sad, but not depressing. Frost then uses a simile as he portrays the trees with their leaves hanging to the ground, looking like young girls on their knees drying their hair in the sun.

In line twenty-one, one is informed about the earlier change of tone, as Frost personifies Truth as an uncompromising female insisting on honesty and factuality in all matters. Frost does not allow her to interrupt his daydream for long, however, and he continues his fantasy about a small boy playing upon the trees. Alone, but not lonely, the child, having only the trees for playmates, would have learned all he could have from them as he overcame them and removed all their stiffness while he rode the trees to the ground much as one would ride a horse. Frost compares the subdued trees to conquered horses when he says that the child rode them "over and over again." The child also learned about life as he played on the trees. He has a feeling of omnipotence and enjoys his greatest thrill only after he boldly and courageously climbs to the very top before venturing out and landing with a "swish" (onomatopoeia) feet first on the ground. One feels it is indicative of taking risks and seizing opportunities in life as well.

Now, his tone changes for the third time as he seems to reminisce about his own childhood, and Frost explains that he was once a swinger of birches himself. In fact, sometimes he would like to return to those happier, more carefree days. When life becomes especially difficult or painful, it would be great to start all over again. One has no doubt about what he means when he uses a simile portraying life as a "pathless wood." Just as one weeps from being hit by a branch, one certainly can cry from the feeling of helplessness caused by difficulties which seem insurmountable. The swinging on birches appears to offer him a chance to escape life's conflicts, at least temporarily. One can relate to his desire to leave his problems behind as he climbs toward heaven.

However, as attractive as a temporary respite may appear, he has no wish to leave earth permanently. After all, this life is still the best place for love and happiness. Finally, Frost becomes thoughtful, and one is not too sure if he just wants to relive his youth or if he wants to rise above earth's pettiness when he climbs toward heaven. Although the poem has no rhyming pattern, it does have a definite swinging, swaying rhythm which gives one the feeling of motion as the trees bend left and right in the wind. Frost ties the whole poem together as he philosophically states that one could do worse than swing on birches. It seems to be a very basic, down-to-earth attitude about life in general.





**Arrangement in Black**  
Stephanie Spetz



# Ancient Chinese Proverb: A Recapitulation

or,

Looking at *Looking Out For No. 1*  
by Robert Ringer, who looked at  
*Our Oriental Heritage* by Will Durant,  
who looked at the world and saw it.

by Ritchie Hall

Last night  
I was a butterfly —  
So I dreamt.

But on wakening,  
This question  
Occurred to me —

Was I a man  
Dreaming  
I was a butterfly,

Or,  
Am I a butterfly  
Dreaming I'm a man?



**Reflections**  
Jeff McManaman

# Mirror Images

by Ann Miller

There's someone in the mirror  
that I don't know.  
Someone different  
in my medicine chest,  
staring out at me.  
Someone  
with a sharp, wicked tongue,  
hateful eyes,  
no compassion.  
Someone  
that is careless with hearts,  
deceitful with minds,  
ruthless with feelings.  
Someone who lacks tenderness,  
who doesn't care,  
who can't love.  
Destroy that someone—  
the dark side of me!  
Smash! Crash!  
Seven years bad luck,  
but it eases the pain  
of looking inside.

# The Recruiting Season

by Ritchie Hall

Large, fat, grey flakes plummeted from the heavy, grey clouds and splattered against the pitted cement porch. He stared through the grey-streaked window, looking past the grey image reflected back at him. And then looked down at the young boy making ineffectual sweeps at the soggy snow with a ragged broom.

Damn, he thought. Then, No, double damn, triple damn, hell.

That effort exhausted him almost as much as watching the small boy work at a job that accomplished nothing. He sighed, inhaling deeply, and glanced around the courtyard. The ancient apartment buildings on the enclosed square all had the same, sad appearance — squat, grey buildings with grey eyes watching each other across the rubble, each with a small boy doing nothing to its porch.

Eight soft gongs suddenly filled the cramped room with an urgent stridency. He turned away from the window-mirror as if on cue. Methodically, eyes now vacant, he smoothed the blanket on the Murphy-bed and lifted



the bed into its wall-socket. Dirty breakfast dishes into the disposer, yesterday's trousers and smock down the incinerator chute with the last night's sleeping robe, the illegal pamphlets meant to be saved inserted between the pages of the illegal books to be saved, with a hope of no legal search, and his morning clean-up was done. A single-soft gong filled the cubicle, and he returned to the window to watch nothing happening.

"Academic query?" he asked out loud to the hawk-nosed, thin-faced apparition he saw watching him closely. "What will I achieve by railing loudly at an intruding bell that turns me into a slaving automaton?"

A faint smile turned his tight lips downward as his caricature gave him a response to the rhetorical horror. Academic answer — there was none and it was nothing. The answer was nothing, as were Academics.

Damned recruiting season, anyway.

Again a gong, again a vacancy. A brown package slid through the delivery slot in a wall and he opened it quickly. He stepped carefully into the trousers so as not to tear either leg; then he pulled the scratchy smock over his head. Ankle-high brogans followed knee-high stockings. And with the softness of shattering glass, the gong sounded again.

Recruiting was always difficult for him, even though he recognized the need for it. He was an Academic. If he had no students, it then followed that he couldn't teach. Further, then, if he didn't teach, he would have no job. Ultimately — and he shivered involuntarily — with no job, he would have to be reprogrammed.

He knew that rumor had it that reprogramming was not pleasant. It was thought not particularly physically unpleasant; it was more that the sense of having failed, the residual mental bitterness, tended to make one less effective in dealing with any kind of reality. He had seen people who had been reprogrammed. And so, in that he wanted nothing unpleasant to happen to him, he would recruit.

Damned recruiting season, anyway.

A quick glance through the window confirmed that the boy — his boy? — was still aimlessly moving the sodden snow around: only now he was attacking the steps. That meant there would still be some time left after the next time-signal.

And then it came. He left the window and donned his thin great-coat and left his apartment to step into the warm, dirty air to seek his employment.

He saw the boy look up at him with dull disinterest, the boy's jaw hanging slack. When he nodded at the boy, the boy tipped his crusty cap back at him, or in the general direction of the building, he wasn't sure which. Mechanically, the boy scratched his armpit through his grimy coat and went back to sweeping the puddles of gritty snow.

"Well now!" he exclaimed, heartily. "It would appear as if we had received a bit of a promotion."

"Aye, Teacher." A flat response.

He watched the boy work for a moment, aware of the child's future. Too few jobs, too many people, and this boy would be reprogrammed and reprogrammed until the bitterness would firmly entrench him in a useless niche, doing nothing, accomplishing nothing.

"How does it feel to be the step-sweep, too?" he asked, thinking, Don't jump into it — keep it light.

"All right, Teacher." Eyes still downcast, the boy carefully swept a puddle off the bottom step onto the crumbling sidewalk.

"I suppose it's even better than being a broom-carrier. Something of a step up, eh?"

"Oh, aye, Teacher!" Almost a note of enthusiasm as the boy swept another puddle onto the sidewalk. The puddle quickly congealed into a mass of grey ooze.

"But, tell me — wouldn't it be better to sweep the snow off the sides of the steps? Just might keep the sidewalks clean."

"Teacher?" The boy looked up at him suddenly, his eyes wide in disbelief. "If I did that, what would the walk-sweep do? He'd have no job. Oh, Teacher, I couldn't do that to him. It would mean, oh — it would mean . . . ."

"Quite right, yes. We certainly don't want that, do we?"

Stepped right into that, he thought, damn it all anyway. He had hoped that the boy would have just an inkling of some of the logic behind that statement. But, stupidly, he had forgotten just how desperately each worker needed his job and how desperately the workers protected each other. It occurred to him that there might be more to reprogramming than he thought — or admitted.

The boy had returned to his sweeping. He made several more futile passes at the puddle-places he had already swept away, sneaking looks back at the teacher with still-wide eyes. Warily, he moved a little farther on down the bottom step. The teacher realized it was time to plunge into the matter.

"Well, have you had a chance to consider our little discussion? It would be best to make a decision soon, you know."

"Aye, Teacher."

Still deferential, but yet more wary. He sensed that the boy wanted to get off the steps and be gone on down the sidewalk, whether he finished this job or not. So, with a quick, shallow breath, he pressed on.

"Yes, well, the classroom is warm and dry, at least. And the *work* aspect isn't too hard — just packing a few of the, uh, the bad books each day. That's something you could learn quite easily, isn't it?"

"Aye, Teacher."

"Of course, we have our own room-sweep and hall-sweep — even our own board-sweep. One for each room. Imagine that! Perhaps we could train you for a job like that?"

"Perhaps, Teacher."

"After all, it wouldn't be too dissimilar from this job, would it? You would have to learn to work inside, though. But that should be easy enough — you are an intelligent lad, aren't you?"

"Aye, Teacher. But, well, the books — you know . . . ."

"The mechanical reader will help you read them, of course. And the switch-activator will set up all the apparatus and start it for you. The beginning of the learning should be easy enough, wouldn't you think?"

"Aye, Teacher. But my fem-sponsor, she says — she says, if my producer could do this job, it was good enough for him, it's good enough for me. She says I don't need no education, ain't no use for it, no sense to it."



"Well, I'm certainly pleased to see that you could follow your producer in obtaining your job — and in achieving your promotion. Still, I can't help but wonder if perhaps you might be qualified for more — oh, let's say, more productive employment

More productive? the teacher thought. Certainly that. And then, to have been the teacher who trained the individual who would then train an individual who would then train . . . Well, that could lead to having been the Teacher of a Leader and that to a better teaching position. There was prestige in that, yes, but there was also the authority, the power; there were the perquisites. And the pressure. Always the pressure.

Damned recruiting season, anyway.

"Oh, Teacher, my fem-sponsor says I can do anything I want to. But since I have this, well, if I leave it and maybe don't do well — then I don't have a job and — "

The crash of a violently-opened window echoed through the spacious, cluttered square. The boy's eyes opened wide again with his shudder, and he was surrounded by the stench of fright. A shrill voice struck them both.

"You — you there — you leave off my issue!"

### 3.

The woman's pinched face disappeared as the window slammed shut, only to reappear again as the doorway in the building across the square opened. He and the boy watched her approach, he in growing apprehension, the boy in growing fear. To lose the boy now would destroy his recruiting season; he wasn't certain how much longer he could justify his job with just two students. He needed — *needed* — this boy.

"You just leave off the issue, I tell you!" she shrilled again. "He don't need—"

"Ah, but, Fem," he said with forced calm, "the lad and I were just discussing the possibility of improving his position."

"The issue just got his improvement. His producer stands high — he's high in the trade. He's already got him a trainee, and after only five years! The issue's producer will help him — the issue don't need no learnin'."

"Well, he *should* be proud of his producer, to achieve that much in just five years. Still, if the lad were to be a student — "



"You're just trying to save your own skinny neck — you're recruiting, that's what you are. It's that season, aye. And you want to be avoiding a reprogramming." Her eyes glittered as she jabbed a skinny, dirty finger at him, the first sign of life, of living, that he had seen in either of them. "Trying to save your own filthy hide, that's what you are!"

"But he's a bright lad — look at him!" He fought to keep his desperation from his voice. "I can help him. I can help him. Think of the benefits of being a Teacher, think on it — a room of his own, his own chute and disposer, the— the—"

"And you. Look at you. You live in terror of this season. You reek, you smell like terror. Do you think I want the issue to live like that? To live with fear and the disinterest and the distrust. No! no — better he follow his producer."

"Fem, it isn't all like that, not always. When he learns, he grows. When he grows, he gains the prestige, the power. He'll have more — much more, more than a grimy sweep-cap and a ragged broom and a porch to sweep endlessly, uselessly."

"Aye, Teacher, perhaps," she muttered, bitterness sharpening the edge of her voice. "But riddle me this, Teacher — will this issue have all those things you promised me?"

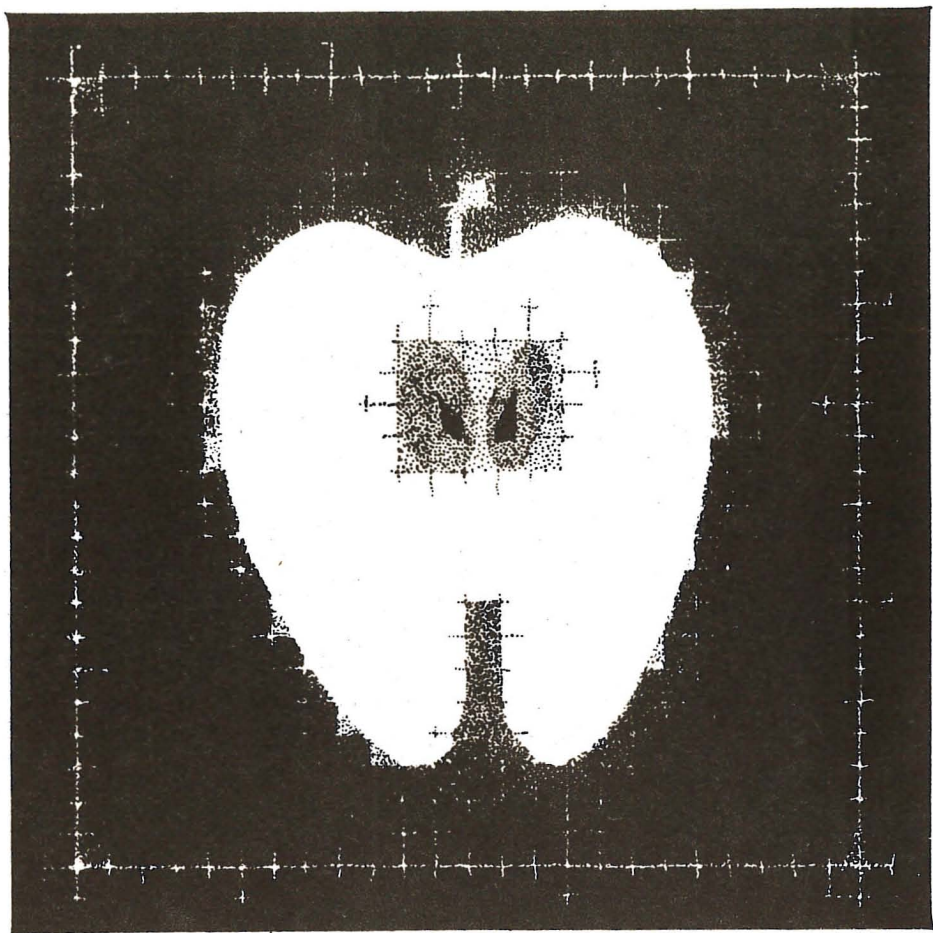
The teacher looked at her more closely. Her grey oily hair hung in strings, her eyes were haggard, her cheeks sunken. She wrung her thin, red-chapped hands, shivering as the warm breeze blew through her thin smock, chilling her.

He saw the meanness of her life with this issue and its producer. He saw her as the end-product of a reprogramming. He shuddered. Slowly, a knife-edge of recognition cut into him. He knew her as one of his — oh, so long ago, a student then, now a loss, to him, to herself, to the issue.

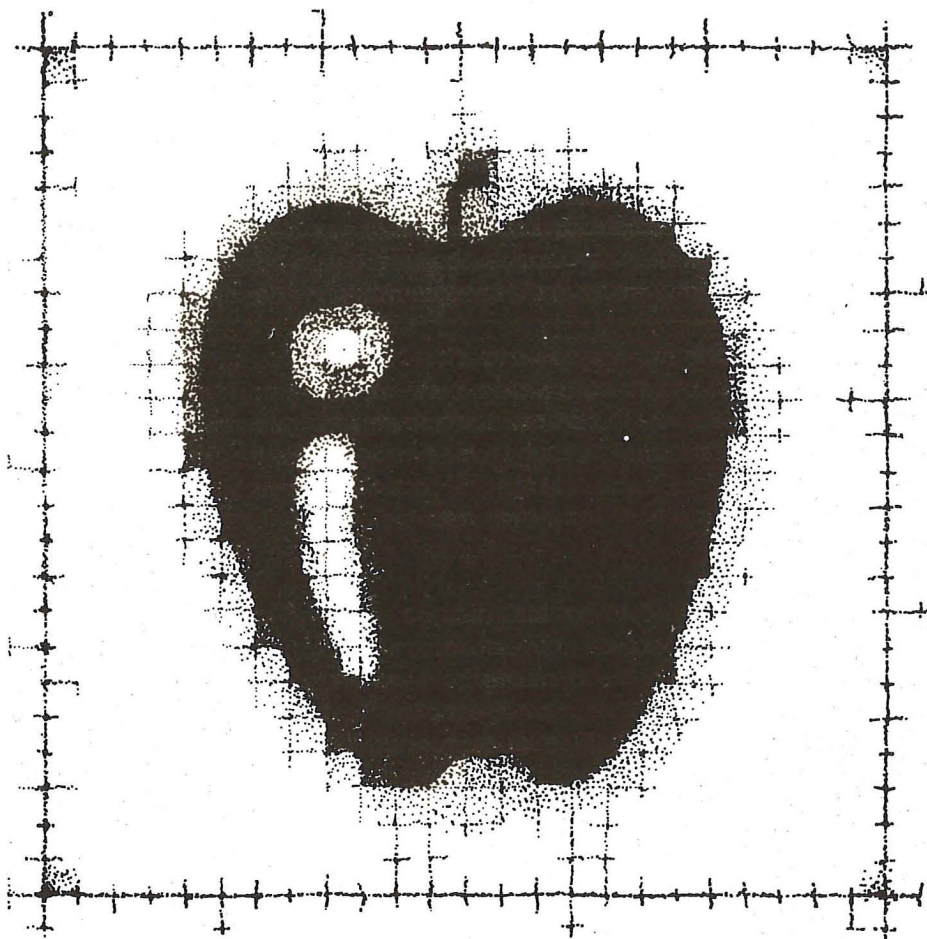
He looked at them both there in the dirty square, the sticky, grey snow blanketing his head and his great-coat, framing them with its grime. The boy looked back at him with eyes now blank; the fem-sponsor stared back at him with eyes now dead — silence between them all, unscalable, unbreakable.

Until the silence became the peal of the soft gong — nine rings. The teacher's shoulders slumped as he placidly stepped down off the porch and trudged slowly down the sidewalk. The fem-sponsor slowly trudged across the square. Slowly, the boy began sweeping imaginary snow-puddles.

And the walk-sweep quickly swept that imagining away.



**Stylized Apple**  
Markel Briones



**Stylized Apple**  
Markel Briones





**Mime**  
Andrea Gorko



# Fact or Fiction

by Richard MacNall

For as many years as man has had available to him the symbols of communication, he has been liberating his fantasies through a form of writing we now call fiction. A general interpretation of fiction leads one to view such writing as "just story telling," but in truth these confessions from the minds of some of the greatest writers who ever lived are invaluable as a collection of values and as guidelines for our very social existence. Through these readings we can step to the right or left of our own moral path and learn to expand our tolerances of other life styles.

Writers have at their disposal a multitude of techniques with which they can captivate their readers. In *The Yellow Wall Paper*, Charlotte Perkins Gilman uses symbolism and repetition to keep the reader straining for the next page to clarify the message in it. She repeatedly refers to the yellow wallpaper and the imaginary images behind it. "But in the places where it isn't faded and the sun is just so — I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly conspicuous front design." The constant application of these techniques keeps the reader inquisitive.

Her symbolism foreshadows the tragic realization at the end of the story. About half way through Jane's ordeal, the author cleverly inserts a key paragraph. "There is a funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mop-board. A streak that runs around the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch*, as if it had been rubbed over and over." The paragraph sets the reader up for the irony of the final impact when he realizes that all these strange happenings were the result of a very sick mind, slowly going completely mad. She has been cleverly masking the truth from all those around her, including her doctor husband, who actually faints at the end with the shock and grief over his own ignorance when he ultimately bursts in on this poor wretched soul, crawling around on her hands and knees in total insanity. The *smooch* in the wall was created by his wife, obviously over a long period of time, and he had been completely oblivious to her illness.

This particular selection, as I am sure was intended, educates the reader with a new awareness of the ignorance toward mental illness, the apathy of even the closest relatives, and the real tortures of the sick mind. Once the reader has comprehended the message in this writing, he will no longer be untouched by a casual contact with such a person. For that reason, this "fiction" is more than just a story. It is an education and a step forward for everyone it touches, as well as everyone it refers to.

There is a life message in almost every fiction ever written. The more we read away from the norm, the more normal it becomes and the more it expands our ability to be comprehensive human beings.

# The Teacher Poet

by Mary Jo Ann Hayes

He looks like a football coach; somehow I knew he would. Theodore Roethke was born in Michigan, the son of a man who owned a greenhouse. He grew up close to nature and learned to love it. He became a college professor and indeed did coach tennis for awhile. But he was a poet. When I read him, I see a humble man, a gentle man, a searching man. He does not try to see for those who read his poems; rather he shows us where he found some answers. From there we are encouraged to look where he looked and maybe find our own answers. But then that is the job of a poet and teacher.

I first met Theodore Roethke in his essay, *I Can Write*. I was taken by his ability to say a thing cleanly and without frills; I like that in a writer, and especially in a writer of poetry. I admit I am not a poetry lover, or that I love poetry very selectively. I love Roethke's poetry. He says in one of his essays that he is a blunt man; he is, and I love him for his bluntness. For he speaks of the reasons for life, the development of the soul, and God's hand in all of nature, including man. I have tried to decide on a favorite poem to quote and have changed my mind a hundred times as I found something new in each poem re-read. I will settle for a typical piece of writing that makes me smile and feel good inside. It is from *The Long Waters*.

Whether bees have thoughts, we cannot say,  
But the hind part of the worm wiggles the most,  
Minnows can hear, and butterflies, yellow and blue,  
Rejoice in the language of smells and dancing.  
Therefore I reject the world of the dog  
Though he hear a note higher than C  
And the thrush stopped in the middle of his song.  
And I acknowledge my foolishness with God.

I too have looked and listened to the small and laughed at funny bugs and wondered what they know, and acknowledged my foolishness with God.

I would have loved being a student in Roethke's class. What a warm, lovely, wise man his poems show him to be. I am grateful he was told that he could write. I am not learned enough to explain all that Roethke writes, only what he says to me. His poetry taps my memory of similar experiences with nature in its beauty and cruelty. He asks questions I have

asked about the why of human existence. I have found some of the same answers, but the beauty of his poetry is that he has opened doors to new places to look for answers. He says in every line: I love, I have the courage to love after seeing the world as it really is, and to tell others that I love. He also tells of despair and the rebirth of the spirit, when he says "All finite things reveal the infinite."

If you think to live is to learn and grow, then Theodore Roethke is worthy reading for you. For in his poetry, he is the eternal teacher. I do not know if he is a great poet; I only know his poetry moves and delights me. He is a singularly uncommon man who wrote his poetry to light lamps in this dark world for people like me looking for light.





**Bishop's Lair**  
Andrew Cutcher

# The White, Floppy Hat

by Robin Babel

The white, floppy hat that the Captain impulsively gave to Leggatt is a significant detail in *The Secret Sharer*. Joseph Conrad has effectively shown that a doer of good deeds will also benefit from his acts. As the Captain and Leggatt were preparing for Leggatt's escape, the Captain did everything possible to make the journey easier for "his other self."

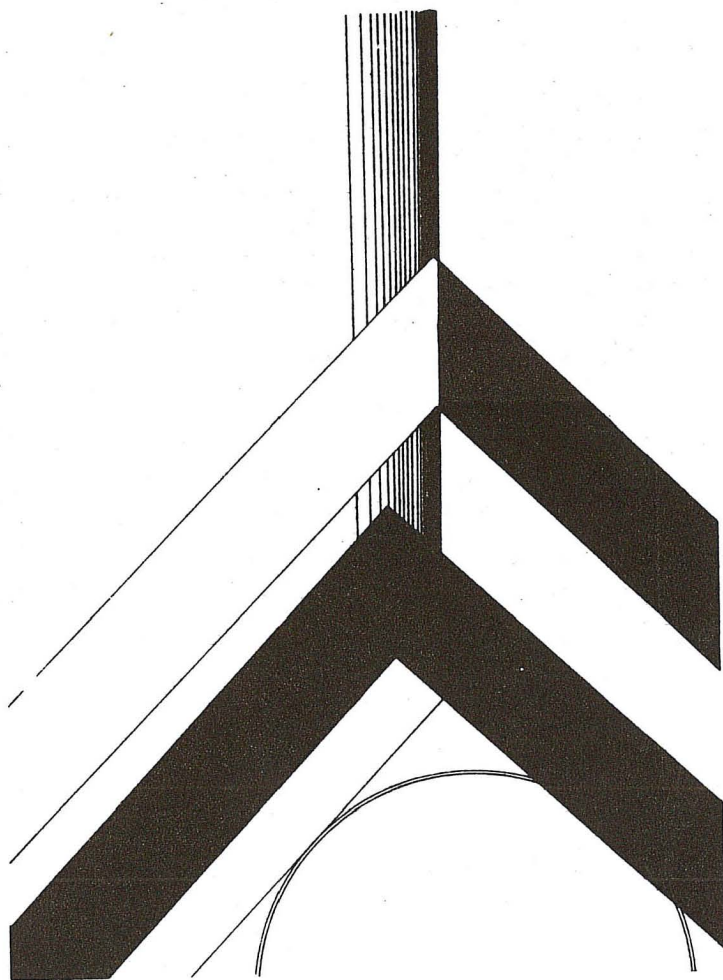
The Captain had come to identify so completely with Leggatt that, as they were crawling through the sail locker, the Captain reported that "A sudden thought struck me. I saw myself wandering barefoot, bareheaded, the sun beating on my dark poll. I snatched off my floppy hat and tried . . . to ram it on my other self." At the time the Captain did not know that his impulsive act of compassion and pity would help him to save his ship.

The Captain knew that he was taking his ship too close to the shore for safety. As he watched the boat's progress from the leeward, his "heart flew into [his] mouth at the nearness of the land on the bow. Under any other circumstances [he] would not have held on a minute longer." His conscience and his feeling of obligation to help Leggatt as much as possible prodded him to let the ship move closer, so close that the Captain felt out of control. He was sharply reminded "that [he] was a total stranger to the ship." The Captain had not learned the feel of his ship and the competency of his crew, and he was not sure how to handle his boat.

It is the white hat that gives the Captain a landmark and consequently saves the ship and the lives of the crew. The Captain could not tell if the ship was moving and he longed for a piece of paper to throw overboard so he could watch its movements and tell if the ship was drifting to the shore. As the captain waited and watched, his "strained, yearning stare distinguished a white object floating within a yard of the ship's side." It was the Captain's own hat "saving the ship, by serving [him] for a mark to help out the ignorance of [his] strangeness." The Captain now knew that his secret sharer had jumped overboard into the water and was safe, and, with the aid of the hat, he could now navigate his ship into open waters.

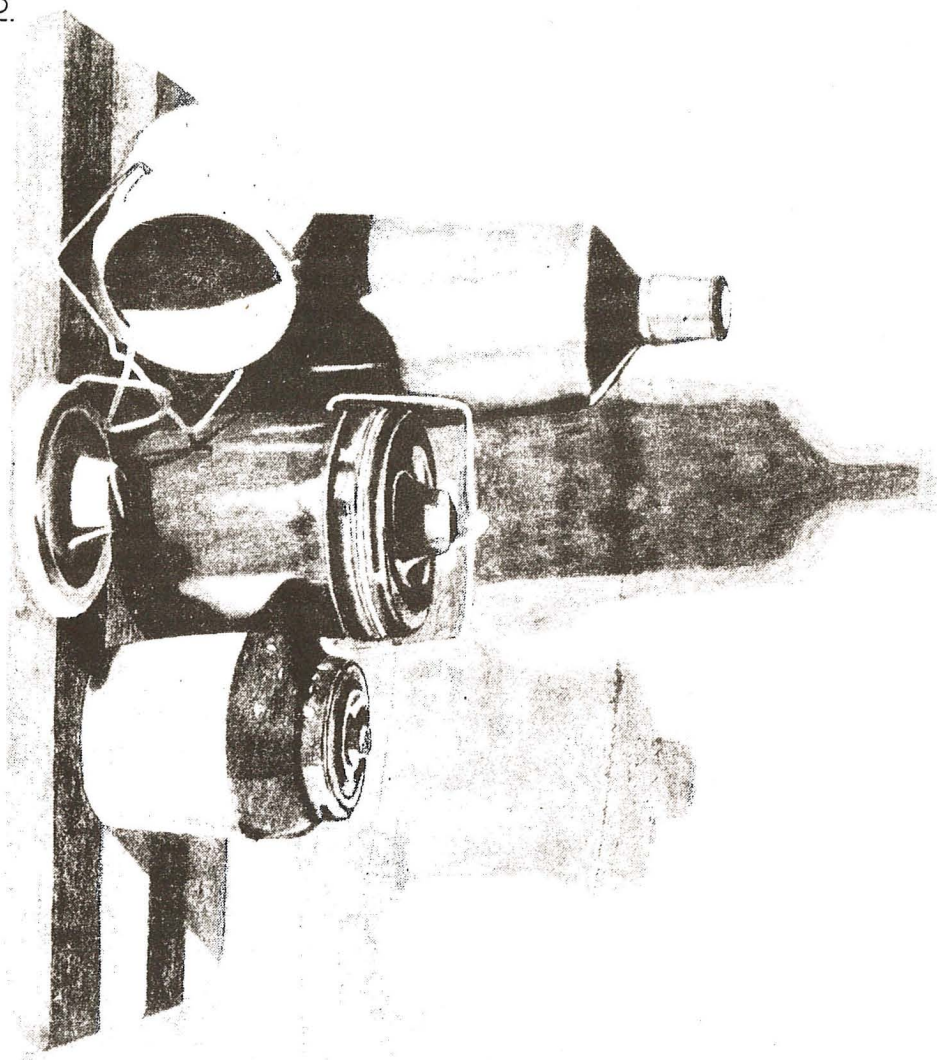
It was the above episode that brought the Captain into a harmonious union with his ship. As the ship moved forward, the captain felt elated and in command. "Nothing! no one in the world should stand now between us, throwing a shadow on the way of silent knowledge and mute affection, the perfect communion of a seaman with his first command." It was the floppy, white hat, given away to help another, that brought the Captain to an understanding of himself, his duties, and his ship.

**Geometric Shape**  
Carol Sturdevant





**Untitled**  
Michael Sinicropi





# A Small Gold Leaf

by Patricia Belczynski

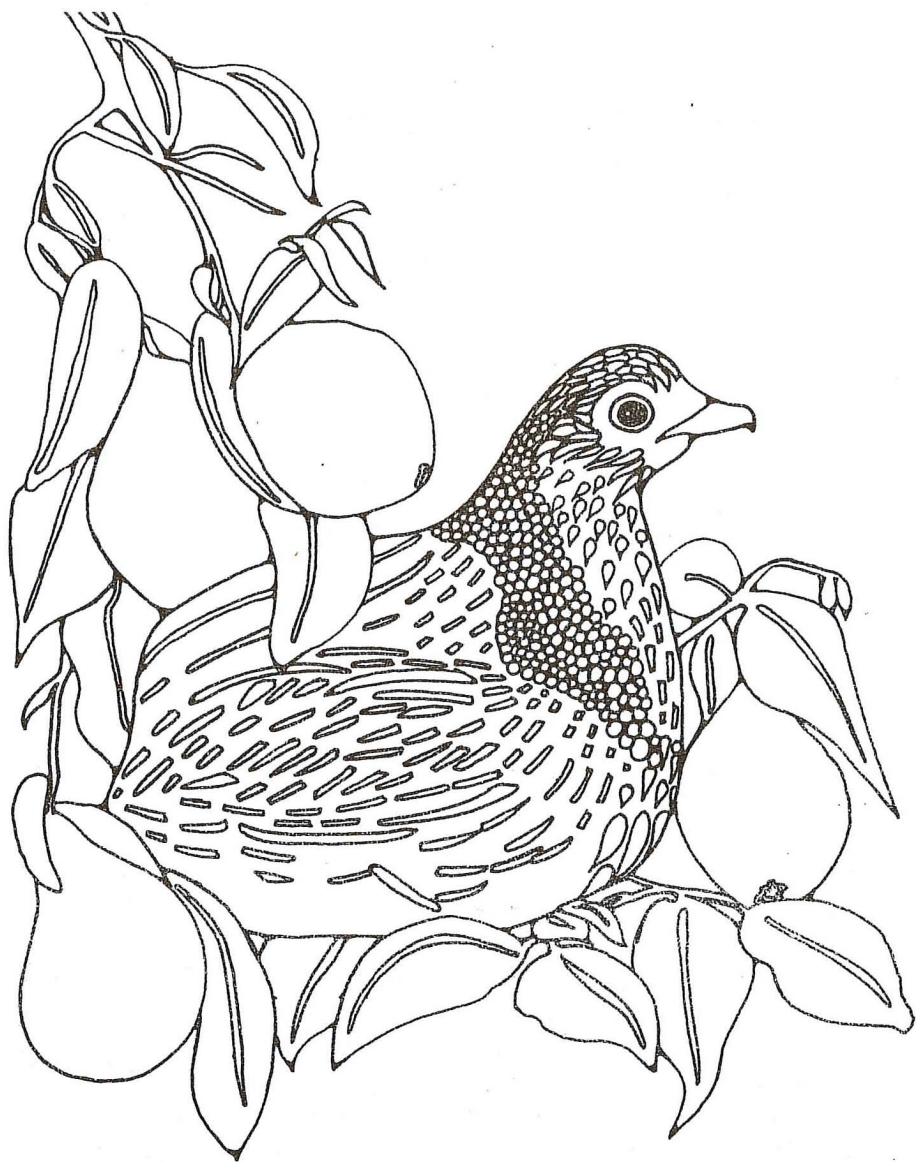
The wind had picked up and thunder rumbled in the distance. Another October storm was on the way. As the cool gusts of air wove their way throughout the limbs of the near-dormant maple tree, several leaves of gold and orange fell to the ground beneath. Of those that sailed to and fro on the swift breezes, one small golden leaf came to rest on the river's surface. It soon began to move about in a circular motion as the steady current engulfed it and moved it slowly downstream past the cattails and reeds that lined the river's banks.

Minutes later, the rain began to fall, creating circles in the water that seemed to generate outward almost continuously. As they did so, the soft ripples caused the leaf to slightly rock from side to side. The current had quickened its pace and began to carry various forms of the river's debris rapidly downstream also. Suddenly, a bend in the river altered the course of the flow. The little golden leaf, along with sticks, twigs, reeds and small pieces of wood followed the current around the outside of the curve. As it did so, all the swiftly flowing debris came to an abrupt halt. A dead tree had fallen and lay extended across the river's path, rerouting the current and creating a build-up of the floating rubbish. Among the new motionless wreckage lay the tiny golden leaf.

The rain was pelting the river's surface furiously now, and small channels of excess ground water ran off the nearby banks. With this sudden on-rush of water, the current became strong and swift, jogging loose the lodged mass of debris and moving it rapidly around the fallen obstacle. The river's banks passed by quickly now, and the cattails and reeds thrashed about swiftly in the gusting wind. The rain continued relentlessly, and the current quickly became rough with the churning action of the murky water. Suddenly, up ahead, the river's once green water became white with foam and seemed to topple, gush and roll over a long series of jagged rocks. As the small golden leaf followed the uncontrollable flow, it was drawn into the raging rapids. Almost instantaneously its bright yellow blade disappeared from sight and then reappeared as the leaf tossed and plunged about between the rocks. The water rushed faster, and with each surge the small leaf was thrown about rigorously from one turbulent whirlpool of gushing deluge to another. Then almost as quickly as they had swallowed it up, the furious rapids spewed out the small leaf, now wilted and torn, back into the grey murky water. It continued its journey downstream, and soon the rapids were left behind.

All was quiet now, except for the distant noises of the raging water. The rain had let up a bit, and the river's current seemed to be flowing aimlessly. The wind had died down to a slight breeze that only rustled the nearby reeds as it blew. Everything was calm and peaceful and almost too quiet. Seconds later, the rush of water began to grow. Barely audible, it seemed to come from further downstream. Between the faintly dying noises of the rapids and the rustling reeds, it was almost undetectable. But it was there, and as the current carried the leaf closer, the sound became more distinct. It soon became quite clear and was very similar to the gushing and flowing echoes of the previous rapids, only it sounded much stronger and more definite. Suddenly, the current began to quicken, sending the small leaf into a circular pattern of motion once again. The sound became considerably louder and readily identifiable. From the pounding echoes of the water cascading downward, and the fast, almost compelling flow of the river, it was well established that what lay up ahead was where the river ended, where all the flowing refuse was abruptly deposited and where the small golden leaf would come to the end of its journey, the river's waterfall.

The current no longer needed to carry the leaf along, as the mighty pull of the water prevented any chance for escape. Rapidly the river flowed, and almost hideously, the nearby reeds and cattails seemed to dance in the wind, as the leaf quickly moved towards the beckoning falls. The crashing noise of the water was almost unbearable now as the deluge pounded upon the rocks far below. The small golden leaf that once had clung to the limb of a maple tree was now tattered, sodden and about to meet its destiny. With a few twigs and sticks, the leaf was carried over the falls. It seemed to glide down at first but then spiraled and wavered before it crashed upon the rocks, followed by the tremendous amounts of water that seemed to obliterate it from view, forever.



**Partridge in a Pear Tree**  
Diane Duddy

## Life with the Guardian Angels

by Kathleen Hutchinson

Many people believe that every individual has a Guardian Angel who watches over, guides and, in general, "sticks" with his appointed charge through thick and thin. Whether it is due to my questionable ability to make it through life all alone, or whether I've been simply lucky, someone saw fit to bless me with three Guardian Angels.

These angels are in a rather unorthodox form. They have no halos, harps, or even heavenly gowns — quite the contrary. They are clad in designer jeans, tennis shoes, and have been known, on occasion, to get into a shouting match over something as "earthly" as a hair dryer. They



teach me patience by borrowing my nylons; tact, by attempting to wear stripes and plaids together; and love by wrapping themselves around me just because it feels good. They are in three different sizes, with three distinct personalities.

The oldest and wisest angel is Becky. She is quiet, self-assured, and tends to be the leader of the heavenly trio. Apparently, her special area to watch over is my emotions. She has been known to utter such phrases as, "Mom, don't worry about it, it's not your responsibility," or, "Mom, I know it didn't turn out the way you hoped, but you gave it your best." Becky came to me equipped with a sense of justice, pride, and a deeply seated belief that all are created equal.

The middle angel is Beth. She's outgoing, witty, and hard working. Beth's major concern is my sense of humor. She simply refuses to allow me to take myself too seriously. Beth is famous for strolling into a room when I'm having an attack of temper and bursting into laughter. Her greatest delight is to catch me at an angry moment, because, as she will impishly say, "You look so funny." Beth possesses that special "sparkle" toward living and finds something amusing in almost every situation.

The smallest angel is Samantha. Her appointed duty appears to be to teach me how to put up a darned good fight. Being the youngest, she is well versed in the area of survival. By her day to day example, she displays the art of standing up and demanding individual rights. She has shown me how to challenge the accepted program, which, in turn, has forced me to look a little deeper into the whys and wherefores of living. Samantha is a bundle of energy, determined to get her equal share of life.

On any given day, the angels can be sympathetic and supportive, or realistic and unyielding to my behavior. They seem to know instinctively when my disposition is toward the "cloudy" side, whether it is from real or imagined pressures. They are the first ones to pick me up, dust me off, and get me to "fly right."

The accepted belief is that a guardian angel watches over a person for his entire life. In this case, the angels are just a temporary loan, with a relatively short amount of time to try and set me on the right path. Knowing that their stay with me is limited helps to keep me in touch with them, and to absorb the lessons they are unknowingly teaching.

# On Kafka

by Alan Erickson

In *The Metamorphosis* Franz Kafka uses a bizarre method to illustrate a young man's deep-rooted feelings of inadequacy and guilt. These feelings sometimes are unexplainably forced into a person by society and compel that person to behave in seemingly abnormal ways. Such is the case of Gregor Samsa who wakes up one morning to find his innermost feelings of inferiority manifested; he has become a huge, disgusting cockroach.

Although this is an unsettling experience to say the least, Gregor's only thoughts are of going to work to support his family as he has done for the past five years. His family, on the other hand, shows no gratefulness for his past willingness to support them nor much pity for him in his present condition. Their only concerns are how they will overcome this new burden brought on by Gregor. Gregor repeatedly tries to communicate with his family, but his voice is unhuman and inaudible. They do not even try to communicate to him. They seem to think he hasn't any reasoning ability; therefore they do not try to hide their disgust toward him. On the two occasions Gregor leaves his room, his father forces him back, once by using a stick and once by throwing apples at him.

On the few occasions that his sister and mother do try to make Gregor's condition better, they do it more out of self-gratification than from a true concern over his welfare. Gregor's sister makes the decision to remove all of the furniture from his room to give him more space to move around. This decision was made despite his mother's suggestion that removing his furniture might make Gregor think they had abandoned all hope of his recovery. This is the lone example of anyone attributing any human emotions to Gregor. For the most part everyone assumes that Gregor is an unfeeling thing that doesn't deserve any consideration.

This unfeeling attitude gradually drives Gregor farther and farther from humans and eventually drives him from life. When Gregor dies, the family reacts as if a burden had been lifted from them. They sell their old apartment and take a train trip to the country. In the end the parents notice for the first time how pretty their daughter is and they smile to each other in

approval. They approve of their daughter: she is like them; they understand her. They never understood Gregor's true feelings and so they disapproved of him, so much so that he became a pest to be rid of before they could continue living.

*The Metamorphosis* is a horror story. There is horror in the matter-of-fact style of the story. There is horror in the idea that guilt and self-doubt can lead a person to the belief that he has ceased to be a human being and has become a despicable creature of no use to others or to himself.

## No Fiddlin'

by Sylvia Wood

"That was no race riot. That was a social riot against the power structure, the landlord, the merchant and the much-hated police." This was the view of B. J. Widick, author of the book *Detroit City of Race and Class Violence*. On that Sunday morning, July 23, 1967, the miles could not separate the concerns of families and friends who sat glued to their television sets and watched a horrifying and disgraceful riot. Living through and surviving an emotional, tragic, and unreal experience, such as a riot, is hard to forget.

It was a gentle, warm, peaceful Sunday morning, July 23, 1967. On the southwest side of the city, the pale-blue-faced sky, the firm, full-blossomed trees, and the thick, green velvet-like grass were just waiting for an artist's brush. Inside my small, but cute white-framed country home, my family and I were just starting to peek at the day. I was greeted that morning with a warm, wet kiss and a hanging hug by one of my sons, four-year-old Holland. He wanted to go outside and play before eating his breakfast. "Boy, Mama, it sure is hot in here," he said. "Yes," I replied; "it is hot." As I attended to his needs, the telephone rang. It was my husband, Dennis, calling me from his job at Detroit Receiving Hospital. He told me that he and London, our other son, had planned to have lunch on Belle Isle but were turned away by the police. "I've got to go now," he said; "I will check back with you a little later."



While we were eating a delicious breakfast of plump, hot, home-made blueberry muffins, thick slices of succulent, tender, honey-glazed baked ham, with a pyramid of soft-whipped, fluffy, scrambled eggs and a glass of chilled, frosted ice-cold milk, my husband called again. This time the anxiety in his voice was more evident. "Be ready to go to the grocery store when I get in from work, and no fiddlin'." There was little he wanted to tell me over the phone. Again he emphasized the importance of being ready.

Around 4 o'clock he dashed into the house and said, "Let's go; you drive." At this point my anxiety had intensified. Slowly I tried to digest what was happening. The fact is that I had never been near a riot, let alone in one. I did not know what to expect or how to deal with the problem; I felt so naked and vulnerable. As we drove along, he told me that a man had been savagely beaten and robbed, that an after-hours business place had been raided and several arrests had been made. We were sitting on a keg of dynamite. He also reminded me that our purpose in going to the store was for essentials only, and "no fiddlin'." Driving southeast on Grand River Avenue towards Oakman Boulevard, I headed for the market that we generally patronized. The market was closed!

I kept driving and suddenly noticed how still it was. No wind was stirring, no horns blaring, no tires screeching, no radios blasting, and no children laughing. There was just a sea of silent people. It seemed the people came right through the walls of the ancient brick buildings. Some were walking, some were standing, but all were peering. I could not believe what was unfolding before my eyes; it was a page out of a science-fiction thriller. By that time I was petrified. "Hang on," I hollered. I made three right-hand turns and one left-hand turn. Going northwest on Grand River Avenue, we eventually found an open market. I pulled into the spacious, clean parking lot, and my husband warned me again, "no fiddlin'." Since the area was new to us, we thought about the possibility of harm. Inside we did not talk, we just grabbed a few groceries and hurriedly checked out. In a matter of minutes we were home; we unloaded the groceries, went into the house, then slammed, locked, and bolted the door.

We turned on the television to watch the six o'clock news; the riot was real. All hell broke loose! People had gone completely mad. They were shooting like crazy, they were running like crazy, they were looting like crazy, they were burning like crazy, and at times they were screaming like crazy.

Quickly the hours passed, slipping into a murky, merciless night. For a long time after the family had said goodnight, I sat with my eyes heavy with tears, my heart heavy with worry, and my mind heavy with confusion. I asked God to help us. All through the night I listened, first to the flurry of gun snipers, then to the sirens of the ambulance, the fire engines, and the police cars; the sounds meshed into piercing screams. I will never forget running hard and scared down to the basement and looking in all of the corners to check for fires. The shifting of the wind had sent the aroma of burning timbers through the house. As dawn approached and the other members of the family stretched and yawned their way back to reality, I crawled into the first available bed and sank deeply and quietly into oblivion. A few treasured hours of sleep nurtured my inexhaustible endurance.

For the next three sweltering-sweat-oozing days, we were deprived of our liberty. Each day and night was a replica of the preceding day and night. Throughout the day it was too hot, too humid, and too hellish. Throughout the night it was too dark, too desolate, and too devastating.

Finally, on the fifth day of the riot, Thursday, July 27, we left our home and got a first-hand look at all of the terrifying, senseless destruction of homes, businesses, properties, and people's spirits. I saw a forest of fractured, scorched, singed buildings with shattered-paned, jagged-edged windows, and crippling stairways that were leading nowhere. What a sight! The air was heavy with the stench of smoke. The streams of water left flowing from fire hydrants had caused rivers to creep out of the concrete. Under a torrid sun, I could see skyscrapers of ashes where once stood massive structures. It was a city saturated with fear.

My heart went out to the elderly who had just made their last payments on homes only to find ashes remaining. My heart went out to the woman who sobbed quietly, while telling me about the sour smell of curdled milk and rancid, rotten meats and vegetables in her deep freezer. My heart went out to my dearest and closest friend, who called me in a moment of panic and hysteria when she discovered her husband outside hosing down the house as bullets blazed by.

My heart went out to all the victims, who could only ask, "Why?"

# On Being Alone

by Mary JoAnn Hayes

We often hear the words *alone* and *lonely* used together as if they are synonymous. Of course this is sometimes true, but it need not always be so. Being alone can mean being in very good company if we have taken the time to know and like ourselves. This does not mean becoming a *me-first* person, but rather someone who makes the effort to be a person we would choose for a friend. This is time and effort well spent as the reward, when we are alone, is to be in delightful company.

William Wordsworth in his poem, *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*, says it much better than I ever could. Good poetry makes pictures in the mind; this poem is rich in imagery. One knows from this poem that Wordsworth was often in his own company. First we see him getting himself comfortable on his couch. Then he sets his mind free to roam and bring forth treasures for us to examine with him. We need not be poets to do this; beauty such as he describes really needs no words. A field of flowers is a smile from a beneficent God, even if it is only a field of dandelions carpeting a hill in springtime. The heart responds and remembers.

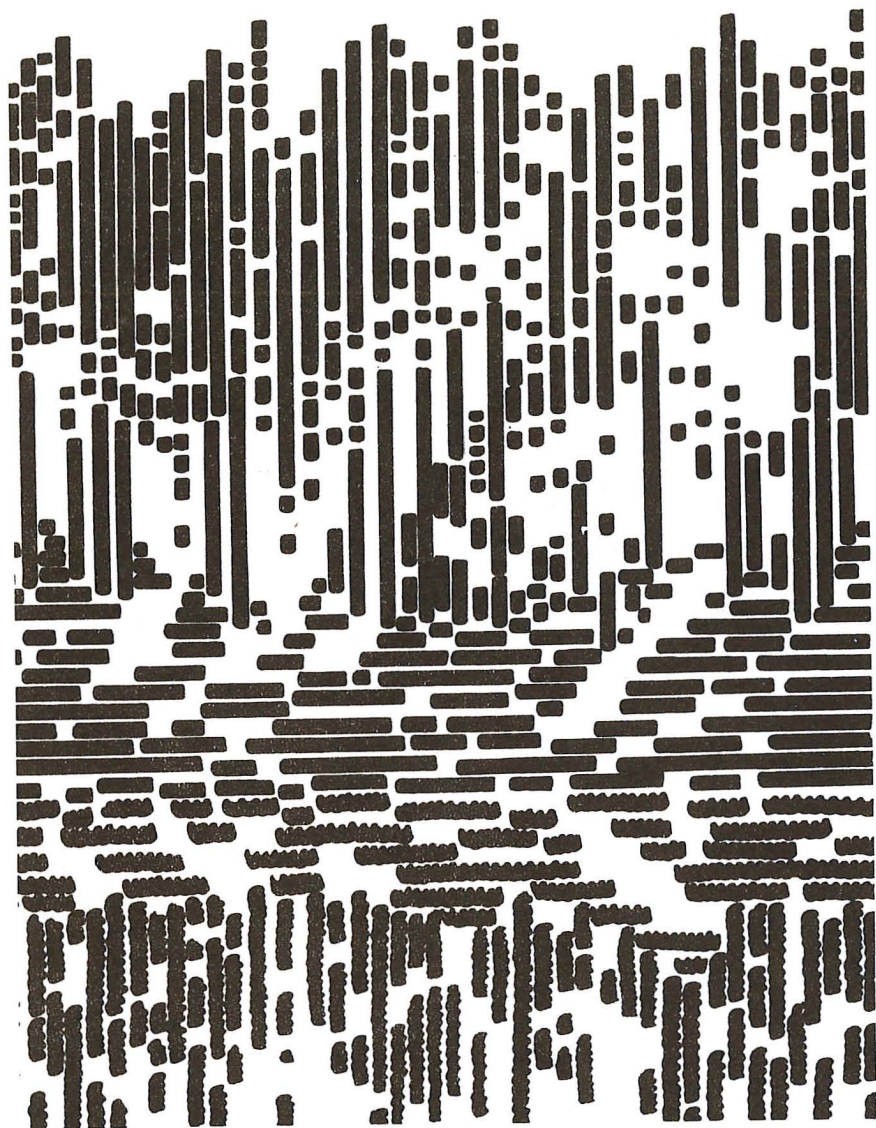
Robert Frost also has the gift of seeing and remembering. Surely he is also describing an experience he had in his poem, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. We can hear the hush of the snowfall in the moonlight with him. The scene he describes wasn't one he sought out because he knew beforehand what he would see and feel. He came upon it unaware and was touched by the incredible beauty of the moment. God does not keep the beauty of nature exclusive for His favored few; He puts it where all can see and experience it, but we have to have eyes that really see. It can happen while we are hanging out wash: we hear a beautiful bird call and stop breathless, listening for the answering call. Or while we are driving down a country lane, the air is filled with the living smell of new mown hay. Or while we are rushing around in the kitchen, our little child hugs our legs and we pick him up and nuzzle his neck, and revel in his little boy smell and his delighted chuckle. If we are open to see and record for the future, sometimes it seems there is too much. There is the beauty of milkweed in the fall, Queen Anne's lace, and a foggy morning in summer that seems like something out of a fairy tale. We all have our own special treasured memories kept safe in our minds. As we grow older, we are filled with a marvelous gratitude to Him who gives these riches in nature and in life as we live it.



The type of seeing and treasure-gathering described above does not happen to all people and that is sad. In the song *Eleanor Rigby* by Paul McCartney and John Lennon, we have two people who never learned to see. In reading the words, we are reminded of the old saw, "People wrapped up in themselves make small packages." Poor sad Eleanor, there she stood, waiting for someone, anyone, to come and save her. She never learned that we are all responsible for our own salvation. There is really no excuse for Father McKenzie not knowing this truth. If he used his Bible, he never really took the words to heart and used them to make himself whole. Both of these people lived half lives and died without comfort or joy; no one should condemn himself to that fate.

Being alone and lonely is, in the last analysis, a personal choice. We could surround ourselves with people so that we would not be alone, but it is possible to be lonely in a crowd. It seems to be a much wiser choice to cultivate our own friendship as we would a special flower in a garden. It needs tending and nurturing and sometimes harsh pruning to get rid of things we don't like. The results of this gardening of self is to be at peace and at home within oneself. Then being alone is not an awful thing, but rather a time for quiet reflection and recollection.





**Linear Reflections**  
Karen Patterson

# Dear Lancelot

by Diane O'Neill

For perhaps the hundredth time  
my eyes met yours,  
And mine the blinder of the four  
were not prepared  
for the truth they found.

Before me stood my answer,  
revealed in the depths  
of your shining eyes,  
And all at once the joy and pain  
consumed my timid soul

My knight in shining armour, you have come  
too late to the rescue.

Your princess is held in a velvet trap,  
and eternity holds not only the key,  
but the answers I can not find.

Tell me, my Lord—  
never mind—

It is as is.

In silence will I worship you:  
my knight,  
my Lord,  
my Love.  
Genny



**Self Portrait**  
Andrea Gorko

# On Spoon River Anthology

by Laura Bell

In his book, *Spoon River Anthology*, Edgar Lee Masters says many different things to everyone. The book contains 244 characters, each of whom briefly speaks "from the grave" on his past life, in the form of free verse poetry. This is followed by two sorts of summaries. The Spoonaid is a lengthier free verse poem, and the Epilogue is a short play comparing life to a game of checkers.

The Epilogue speaks the theme clearly: life is a game of chance we play. No matter how skillful, patient, cunning, intelligent we are, there are no guarantees whether we will win or lose. Just as in a game of checkers, there is no one sure way to play life and win. What fails for one works for another. What one person strives for and doesn't get, another person gets without striving for it. You can live your life by your rules and feel satisfied, or you can live your life by your rules and never feel satisfied, but get total injustice and misery for all your strictness. What we accept to be right or truthful may very often be wrong and deceitful.

Perhaps, then, the author is trying to stress that we must take care not to become disillusioned. Rather, we should walk lightly, keeping our eyes, ears, minds, and hearts open, and never ever living by another man's rules. Chances are they are twisted in someone else's favor, and probably the people who seem to set the best examples of following the rules are, in truth, the worst offenders.



Some good examples of these insights into life come from such characters as Deacon Taylor who fought for prohibition and was an avid church-goer. Apparently, he lived his life on the surface of what seemed to be acceptable to the society in which he resided. In reality, he was an alcoholic and died of cirrhosis of the liver. Or there's Mrs. Charles Bliss, who stayed with her husband because the minister, Rev. Wiley, convinced her it was morally right and best for the children. He was convinced of his convictions and that he'd advised her right. She, however, felt at death that she'd done the worst thing she could for the children and wished she had divorced him. Washington McNeely realized the lack of guarantees in life through his children. He did everything he thought was best and right to insure successful lives for them; yet they all ended up, in his eyes, failures. Or Batterton Dobyns who worked so hard to build up some financial security in his life. In his prime, death overtook him. And who was the one to enjoy all his efforts? His widow.

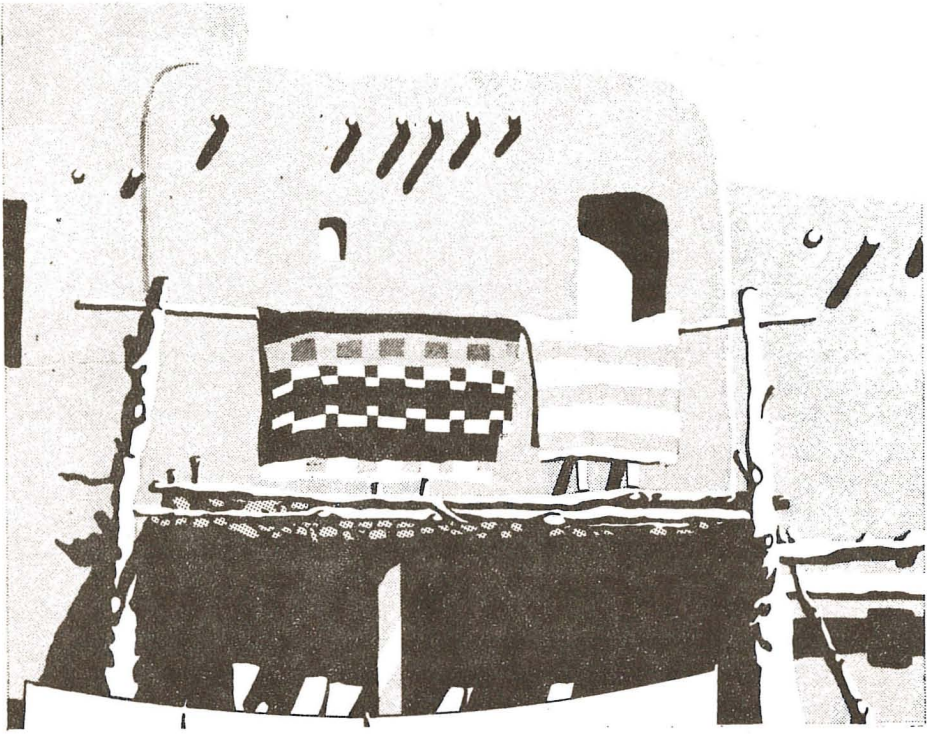
Walter Simmons was thought of by those who loved him as a genius. They expected great things of him that never materialized. His friends supposed it was because he was too busy trying to survive. He believed he was incapable. Professor Newcomer echoes the irony of this, of life, in his statements of how, although man was given a brain superior to the ape or the wolf, he was given the same things to do: get food, shelter, and procreate himself. He refers to searching for higher spiritual purposes as a "cosmic sized" joke . . . that keeps man running in circles all of his life. And many other characters play out the drama of life, such as the sweet, homely girl who was raped. When she discovered she was pregnant and ran crying to a kind, local doctor, he tried, in his pity of her situation, to help her. The abortion cost her her own life. It cost the doctor everything he valued and, subsequently, his own life. Opposite of this, perhaps, is the German girl, who was seduced by the husband of the woman she lived with. The wife was so understanding and unable to bear children that the author hints that this, too was a sort of rape. When the child was born, the couple "graciously" took him and raised him to "save" the young woman from shame. She was forced to live the rest of her life, seeing the successful young man grow, never able to claim him as her own son. She loved him, but yet, because of her love, had to keep from ever letting him know how she felt. This idea was expressed again through the doctor who was very disappointed with his life. So to avoid being with his wife, he worked long, hard hours. Everyone talked about how dedicated he was, not knowing he was really just escaping from situations and people he didn't want to face. Yet when he died and his soul watched a young woman hiding in the shadows of the tree, crying over him, he suddenly realized a source of love he had not been able to recognize in life.

For some, death came as a reward. But the townspeople left behind stories from which we can gain valuable insights.

We take ourselves too seriously. When we view ourselves innocently, others view us critically. For every side of a thing, there is another one . . . for every way, an alternative. Perhaps Griffy the Cooper sums this up best:

The cooper should know about tubs.  
But I learned about life as well,  
And you who loiter around these graves  
Think you know life.  
You think your eye sweeps about a wide horizon, perhaps.  
In truth, you are only looking around the interior  
Of your tub.  
You cannot lift yourself to its rim  
And see the outer world of things  
And at the same time yourself.  
You are submerged in the tub of yourself—  
Taboos and rules and appearances,  
And the staves of your tub.  
Break them and dispel the witchcraft  
Of thinking your tub is life!  
And that you know life!

We all are given only one piece of the puzzle to play the game. To guess the size, the shape, the color of any other piece is, at best, only a guess. To suppose the final outcome of all the pieces put together is totally absurd. Just ask the townspeople.



**A Home for Markel**  
Scott Smith Taylor



# A Camp-Out Freak-Out

by Richard MacNall

A simple, special privilege, permission to spend the night in a borrowed tent, was for me the beginning of a lifetime of goose flesh and chills in response to the very thought of a spider.

I was seven years old and my parents had purchased a small summer cottage near Brighton, Michigan, on a small inland lake. We were visiting with the people next door, and Ted, our neighbor, had dragged out an old tent and unrolled it to air out. That was enough for me to start pleading and begging with Dad to allow me to spend a night in that tent. Ted offered to set up the tent if it was o.k. with Dad, and if I would give him a hand. Dad finally gave in under the pressure of my begging and Ted's prodding, and we began setting up my temporary sleeping quarters.

The tent was about ten feet square, old army style, with no floor. It was a faded khaki color with no windows and a flap in front for a door. Mom gave me a couple of old blankets and a pillow, and I, for the first time in my life, anxiously awaited bedtime. I went to bed just after dark and spent several minutes tying the flaps closed, spreading my blankets, and getting undressed. I always slept in my undershorts, especially in cold weather. I remember listening to all the sounds around me: the radio playing on the front porch, my sisters giggling about something, and the adults laughing over a card game. Sometime during all of this, I finally fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, the sun was embracing the roof of the tent, and I was aware of the glowing warmth before I even opened my eyes. As I did open my eyes, there was a comfortable amber glow in the tent. I rolled over and began to sit up when I noticed that one wall of the tent had quite a few spiders on it. Now I was a seven-year-old boy who played with frogs and bugs, so spiders didn't bother me. But I was still semi-conscious, and, as I began to look around, an eerie feeling came over me. The spiders were seeking the warmth of the canvas, saturated by the morning sun. The other walls also had spiders on them, and the roof was literally covered with crawling spiders. There were hundreds of them competing for space, and as they pushed and shoved, they would fall from the roof onto my blanket. One of them landed on my bare back, and it was at that point I lost my cool. A cold shiver ran through me as I bolted for the flaps on the door, throwing my blanket aside. The blanket hit the wall shaking the whole tent and several more hairy spiders fell on me. In panic



and tears, I pulled at the strings that held the flaps, but they didn't give, and in my terrified state I succeeded in pulling the whole tent down on me. I swung my arms and fought to get free but only managed to get tangled up more and more. I could feel spiders everywhere: on my legs, my back, my hair, and even, at one point, one in my mouth.

Fortunately Ted was up early and came running as soon as he realized I was in trouble. When he lifted the tent off me, he gasped, "Oh my God!" and began brushing spiders off me. He grabbed me up in his arms and ran for the lake, both of us plunging into the cold water, finally rid of my tormentors.

Needless to say that from that day on, this is one person who can't even look comfortably at a picture of a spider, let alone put up with their presence in the house or any other type of confinement. It was a definite turning point in my life, and as I got older, the phobia spread to other insects as well. I have to live with my fear, but I doubt if I will ever get over it.

**Night Life**  
Andrea Gorko



# The Human Spirit

(A Meditation upon William Faulkner's Nobel Address)

by Robin Babel

People are constantly trying to overcome the many problems of our socialized society. There are the problems of the elderly, the blind, the handicapped, the unemployed, and the mentally ill. How shall we care for all these people and still have the time, energy, and money to build machines, launch satellites, construct new houses, save the whales, and feed the refugees? What about Russia? Are our bombs, ammunition, and other defense equipment as good as theirs? Is our technology as advanced as China's? All of these problems have one feature in common: survival of the species as a whole.

But what about the survival of the individual? Our quest for future security takes all of our time and attention, virtually leaving us no time for ourselves. We are constantly planning and preparing for tomorrow, and we forget to live for today. As each day passes by, unnoticed and unappreciated, we lose a little of ourselves. A small piece of our spirit, our soul, our life falls to the floor unheeded and is crushed by an insensitive, indiscriminating foot.

People no longer stop to consider themselves, their needs, and their desires. In a mad rush for recognition, advancement, and financial security, people tend to overlook such ideals as self-fulfillment, happiness, and a sense of identity. Few people take the time to sit back, relax, and examine their souls, the very essence of being. Still fewer will actually comprehend what they see and fully realize the value of what is revealed to them. There are no longer problems of the spirit because people no longer realize that they possess a spirit.

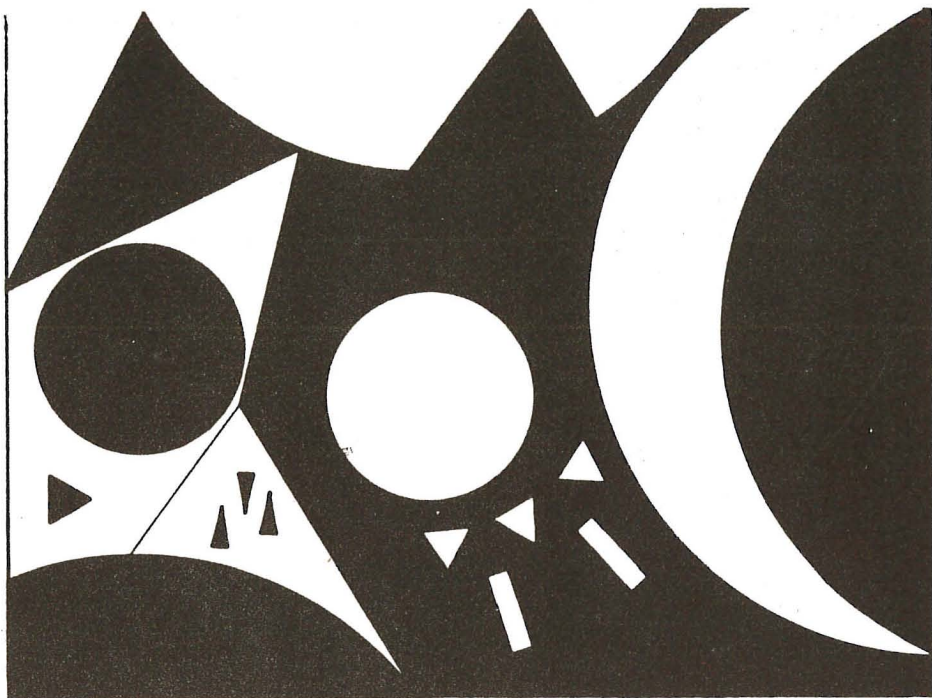
Great emphasis is placed on the acquisition of material possessions, but the importance of personality, character, and moral development is rarely ever stressed. A poem that exemplifies this point of view is *Richard Cory* by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Richard was a man of great status, a true gentleman. He was wealthy, handsome, eloquent of speech, and well-dressed. The common townspeople greatly admired him, and were slightly envious at the same time. But, despite all of his worldly possessions, Richard was an unhappy man, and on a beautiful summer night he committed suicide.

The author does not state the reasons behind Richard's decision to end his life, so the reader is left to draw conclusions for himself. Richard was probably a very confused man with mixed-up emotions and conflicting desires. He hadn't taken the time to sort out his feelings, analyze them, and come to a full (or partial) understanding of his own personality.

He did not understand his own motivations, and thus he could not develop a sense of self-identity or self-worth. All of these factors combined together to create an unhappy, unsatisfied man who saw suicide as a means of escape from himself.

In this era of mass communication, robots, computers, advanced technology, and science-fiction, it is up to the writers and poets to keep the individual alive. The authors must delve into the whys and wherefores of human existence and present their theories and discoveries to the public. It is through books that people will once again realize that they possess an inner drive, a personality, a separate and unique self that is capable of exploring the pleasures, traumas, and other intricacies of life. Literature can play an important role in revitalizing the human spirit.





**Abstract Cat**  
Tracy DeHenau

# Untitled

by Diane O'Neill

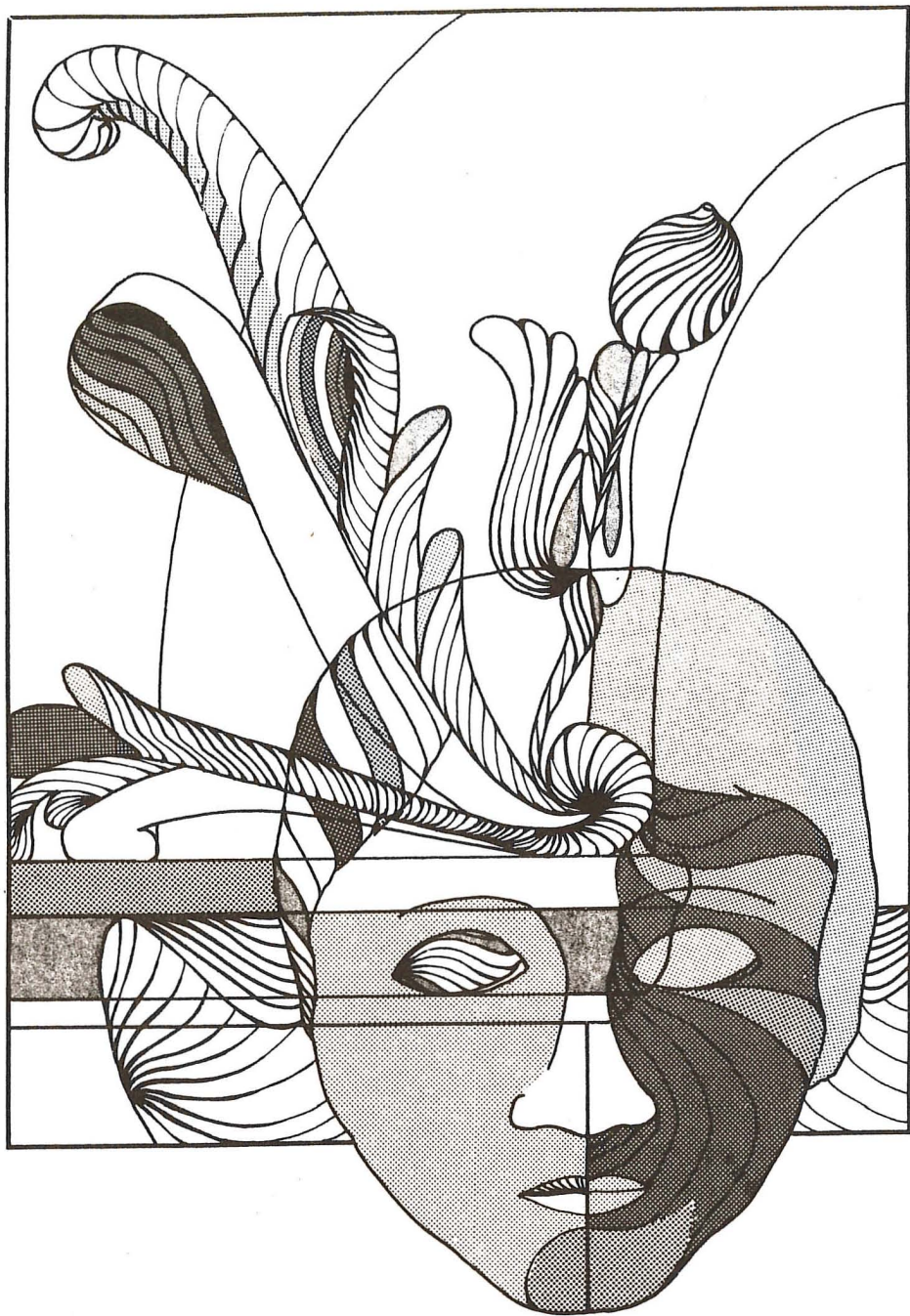
There is no comfort  
in words.

They are of reality  
and thus inadequate  
to express that  
which lies deepest  
in my soul.

Words,  
or their application,  
Are an art form,  
waiting to be arranged  
— just so —  
that they may reflect  
some tiny beauty,

Or some infinite fraction  
of the truth I know  
and can not share.

Words,  
My life work  
and condemnation.



**Untitled**  
Judi Taylor

# Names

by Judith Anne Russell

I name my grey hairs,  
Though they are few —  
One for worry,  
One for rue,  
One for old lovers,  
Lost or wed,  
Then one for words  
I haven't said;

Two for trying  
To keep thin,  
Since Vanity tells me  
Hold it all in;

Then those that follow —  
Bold and true —  
I'll blame on time,  
And love . . .  
And you.



## In Memoriam

### Eleanor B. Mathews

April 28, 1913—June 4, 1982

She inspired others to learn: she kindled frustration into anticipation, hesitancy into expectancy, and self-doubt into self-worth. She inspired many by her teaching, her writing, and her living. The 1978 dedication of *Patterns* praised Eleanor Mathews for her ability to encourage students "to seek a more sensitive and appreciative response to learning." In an earlier *Erie Square Gazette* feature entitled "Eleanor Mathews—A Touch of Class," her own words testified to her perceptive pattern of teaching:

It's very possible standing in front of a class to see a face that maybe doesn't really change except for the eyes lighting up or to see just that small secret smile of "I understand," and it's great.

One of the more inspiring, rewarding events of her retirement occurred February 24, 1982, when Eleanor was presented in an evening reading of her own poetry. In her own inimitable way, she expressed her appreciation for the "gift" of that evening. This 24th edition of *Patterns* presents a few of her poems as a special remembrance gift of a remarkable and unique woman for students and friends. The words of Kahlil Gibran on the teacher's influence exemplify well this one woman's rare talent.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple,  
among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather  
of his faith and his lovingness. If he is indeed wise, he  
does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but  
rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

## Continuum

To catch a child's quick-silvered thought,  
To blow on the down of a forming mind—  
Knowledge has a sweet secret smile.

Catch the deft stroke in a newly learned skill,  
Check the caught breath of dread in awareness;  
Pick up the quiet of the evened pulse.

## To Robert Hayden\*

I sat by window giving light to roots  
Sustained by love and dark, rich loam of care,  
Dark-flowering into light a poet-psalm,  
A hymn that carols pride and praise and mutes  
The discord, that deep, root-bound despair,  
Hate sterilized, that rips the fertile calm.  
A shadowed fuss of feathers caused me to look  
At feeder where the seed was full to brim.  
There the gloomy wings of grackles clashed,  
Disturbing me, enraptured by the book.  
They spattered, blurred the radiance spun by him,  
The cloth of reverence with which he sashed  
His robe of victorious beauty for his race,  
Love-draped, affecting neither crown nor race.

\* Fellow, Academy of American Poets

## It's A Gift

The gift given gladly is  
the daffodil,  
The violet where there is none,  
the rose that grows wild.  
Duty gifts are the acid-truths,  
the bitter chemistry,  
The sharp, delaying gift  
of conscience saved.  
The gift that is good is  
the glad gift:  
Pansies in a purple bowl,  
the red, red rose protected from the wind.

## Watchers

Terror is the word that rides the roads  
Dawn-faint, lights on dim, skidding  
Sideways. Blowing snow-haze adds its  
Mist while the stomach turns to water.  
Terror rides loose and sinks the heart  
Beat to throbs that tick outside the body.  
Terror slinks and hides its hunger.  
I am its meal and I am consumed  
While you watch because you are not alone.

## The Student Who Failed Composition 101

The muscles under leotard were hard;  
The dance begun— his movements, statements mute—  
Terse, tight, taut, his tension spilled rage.  
Stamped out staccato strident steps of scorn.  
But spent, the scorn dispelled— changed his pace.  
With whirling grace, he spelled out hope of peace,  
And with his entrechat of hope, the knots  
Unwound to bring to rhythmic phrasing— love.  
With new forgiving ease, he wooed, embraced  
The world, and wrapped in liquid lambency  
His rhythm flowed to floor— *la fin parfaite*.

### A Prayer

Grant me the gift of gracious giving  
Give me the grace to love and be loved.  
Let there be place to do my living.  
In a heart that's been touched by God.

The beauty of Eleanor's philosophy was in her faith, her reverence for life. Its truth was expressed in her respect for others, her commitment to values, and her perceptive awareness of individual differences. May her words yet inspire others to learn and lead them to the thresholds of their individual minds.

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